

The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English- Reading World

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Distinctive Features of Schools for the Deaf

No. 17---The Kansas School



WHEN KANSAS was admitted to the Union, to quote the words of an old friend of the School, about which we have been asked to tell you, "There was born a new language which all could hear and speak." This language was called the Kansas language and the first word in its vocabulary was and is **Progress**.

Then the state was known as "Bleeding Kansas" and when the terrible drouth, about which history tells us, came along, it became "Starving Kansas."

Surely this was an inopportune time to establish a school, yet, in the year 1861 there came west a good man by the name of Philip A. Emery. This man was himself deaf, and he had in his heart a great love for other deaf people. So great was this love that it caused him to give up a comfortable position as a teacher in the Indiana State School to come to Kansas to open a school for the deaf.

The school was first opened in Baldwin, Kansas, and the tuition of the first five pupils was paid almost entirely with products from the farm. Money was scarce in those days.

In 1864, the legislature came to the help of the school which was moved to Topeka—then back to Baldwin. Finally in 1867, it was established in Olathe, the seat of Johnson County. Olathe was then hardly more than a village. At this point let me say a word about the location of the school, which is really ideal. It is on a hill about two blocks from the business part of the town—

about half way between the two railroad stations—the Frisco and the Santa Fe. The town itself is a clean, wholesome one and has grown with the School until now, instead of being a mere village, it is a thriving up-to-date little city of some four or five thousand inhabitants—a city of churches and schools.

It is twenty-one miles southwest of Kansas City, Missouri, where one may go at any hour of the day on an Interurban car line, do one's shopping and return home in ample time for a good night's rest. This car line passes the School and stops on request at State Street which is at the southeast corner of the grounds.

About one-third of the state schools for the deaf in this country have reached their sixtieth year and only five of these lie west of the Mississippi River. Of this little group of five the Kansas School is the youngest, but by no means the smallest.

In 1867, there was only one small building. To-day there are several good substantial brick buildings. In the largest one—the main building—the children and the officers live. The hospital and the chapel are found in this building. Off to the east of the main building is the school house, which contains twenty large class rooms and two large basements. The latter are now used as gymnasiums by the pupils. Back of the main building are the shops, laundry, paint shop, poultry house and garage. Off to the west lies the boys' track, playground and athletic field.



Trade Instructors



Bakery



Cabinet Shop



Shoe-Shop

The legislature of 1913-14 passed a law which divorced the School for the Deaf and the School for the Blind from the charitable and penal classes and put them where they have always justly and rightly belonged—with the Educational institutions of the state. There are still a few

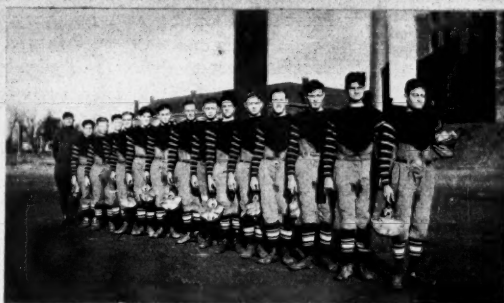
unfortunate schools that are considered charitable, but the day is not far distant when this will be remedied and they will be properly classed. Twenty-one teachers are kept busy in this school, which by the way belongs to the Combined System group. Every known method for teach-



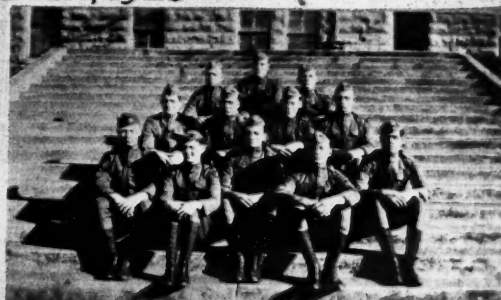
Sewing Class



Cooking Class



Foot-Ball Team, 1921



Cadets

Delphian Society

ing the deaf is used—the system is eclectic. A child unable to make sufficient and satisfactory mental progress in the Oral department is given, after due trial, a chance in the Manual department. Now and then, children are found here, as everywhere else, who do not do good work in the class room at all, but who make very satisfactory progress in the Industrial department. In this school such children are allowed to remain and every possible opportunity is given them to learn a trade.

The Course of Study here covers all of the work done in the Public Schools of the state. The allotted time to complete the course used to be ten years—now it is twelve years. The first year is devoted almost entirely to voice building—to the proper foundation of speech—and to preparation for the regular class room work. A great amount of time is devoted to hand-work during this year. The work during the last year covers a course very similar to that taken by hearing children in their Freshman year at High School and thus better fits the young man or woman for admission to Gallaudet College or to take his or her place in the community as a self-supporting, helpful citizen.

Having with us the Jew, the Catholic and all denominations of the Protestant Church, the School is nonsectarian, however, systematic moral and religious instruction of a general nature, such as is accepted by all churches and creeds is given. Each Sunday we have Sunday School followed by services in the chapel. These Sunday morning services are conducted by the Superintendent or one of the teachers, who give good practical sermons suitable to the needs and understanding of growing children. The Lord's Prayer is always repeated in concert and each Sunday some one of the Commandments is repeated, and a group of girls renders in signs an appropriate hymn. Another group of girls sign the Doxology and the services close with a prayer by the Superintendent or the teacher in charge.

The boys and girls have a Christian Endeavor Association which meets on Sunday evenings. These meetings are always attended by some of the teachers and officers, who are ever ready to help with suggestions or explanations. This term the children have been taking up a collection at these meetings and at Christmas were able to give very material assistance to a worthy family in town.

Each Thursday morning a minister from one of the down town churches comes to the School and conducts chapel services. So far these sermons have been excellent and do much to broaden the minds of the pupils and to uplift them. Once a month a business man is invited to talk to the whole school on some subject of general interest. A lecture recently was given on "Shawnee Mission and Early Days in Johnson County," and it was a treat indeed to the student body. The older pupils are required to reproduce these sermons and lectures.

These are a few of the ways in which the administration tries to instill the cardinal virtues of a Christian life and to broaden the general scope of the children in the School. Because of wise supervision and division of time for work and play, there's little time for mischief, and consequently the discipline is easy.

Last year the girls organized a society called the Delta Tau. This organization has the support and interest of the superintendent and is somewhat similar to the student-government idea found in hearing schools and colleges. Only twelve of the best of the upper class girls are admitted and the good they are doing as Big Sisters to the younger girls is inestimable. The boys have a similar society which also is accomplishing a great good. The motto seems to be, "You must be good and help others to be good or get out," and it is pretty well lived up to!

The Military System, as adopted and used at the Fan-

wood School has been introduced and is another great factor in improving the moral tone of our boys. This training proves its value and importance as an asset in many ways. The discipline has improved—the student body has benefitted greatly in the physical sense, furthermore, the necessary qualities for proper and successful mental attainment are developed to a great degree thru this daily training. Carriage, poise, step and general air are of high order. The return is well worth the time and attention given to this phase of the work.

In athletics our baseball, football and basketball teams will compare favorably with any other similar school in the land; and every girl from the youngest to the oldest is being well trained in Physical development. Here much of the rhythm work started in the class rooms is brought into play with gratifying results.

In the Industrial department, in the face of many difficulties crowded quarters, etc., good work is being done. During the recent world war men could get much better pay in other positions and as a result two of the shops were closed because a competent foreman could not be had. Of course, equipment lying idle deteriorated, and as a result when the shops were reopened, the foremen were handicapped. In spite of these difficulties and the handicap of meagre appropriations to secure necessary supplies these shops are on their feet once more and excellent work is being turned out by them.

The boys are taught shoe-making, harness-making, cabinet-making, baking and printing. A new industry has been added, that of poultry raising, which gives promise of opening the way for many a lad to become independent.

The girls are taught plain sewing, dress-making, crocheting, tatting, and embroidering. They are also taught how to cook and to keep house. Not only are they taught how to do these things but they are taught to know and to understand the **whys** and **wherefores** for doing them as they are done.

In connection with work done in our art department there are classes in basket making. And I might add that we have dreams of china painting and millinery classes and hope to realize these dreams in the near future.

Our Gallaudet students have always ranked high. In fact, our graduates have ever been a credit to the School and a source of pride to all connected with it.

Below we give the names of the men who have from time to time been at the head of the School, and who shall say how great or far reaching have been their influence and achievements:

*Philip A. Emery	1861-1864
*Benajah R. Nördyke	1864-1865
*Joseph Mount	1865-1867
Thomas Burnside	1867-1876
*Louis H. Jenkins	1876-1876
*Theodore C. Bowles	1876-1879
Jonathan W. Parker	1879-1880
*William H. DeMotte	1880-1882
*George L. Wyckoff	1882-1883
*Henry A. Turton	1883-1885
S. Tefft Walker	1885-1893
J. D. Carter	1893-1894
Albert A. Stewart	1894-1895
Henry C. Hammond	1895-1897
Albert A. Stewart	1897-1899
Henry C. Hammond	1899-1909
Cyrus E. White	1909-1913
*Kate S. Herman	1913-1920
Elwood A. Stevenson	1920—

*Deceased.

Often has the School been the plaything of politicians. Much of the time has she been handicapped by small or insufficient appropriations, yet her course has ever been upward—in a word the Kansas School for the Deaf is and always has been **progressive**.



James McVernon
Military Instructor



Luther Taylor
Athletic Director



SILENT WORKER CLUB

Edited by WARREN M. SMALTZ



IN EVERY man there are elements of nobility. The most base and unethical of men will at times show indications of possessing the highest virtues. Even the poorest savage shows occasional evidence of high character, however rudimentary it may be; and the fact is forever proclaimed in that familiar phrase, "the noble redskin." The point to consider is that the persons we may be tempted to avoid and despise, because we believe them to be degraded, are not wholly and altogether bad.

A better attitude is to believe that our friends and acquaintances are just what we ourselves make them. If we fail to find signs of nobility in a man it is because we ourselves lack true nobility. A man of high moral purpose is surrounded by a kind of invisible aura of character which, with true magnetic power, attracts and summons forth the dormant virtues that lie inherent in every human soul. Such a man sees the slumbering nobility in others awaking in response to the call of his own intense spirit; he sees it quicken the pulse and brighten the eye of all with whom he comes into contact. All men become his friends, and he is the friend of all men, not because he has found them so, but because he has made them so.

Yet the majority of us are no doubt more or less dissatisfied with our fellows. And lacking the courage to openly declare the fact, we express our feelings in terms of national ills. We recognize the imperfection of society as now constituted, and desire to see it improved. The legislator believes he can legislate evils out of existence. The scientist hopes for a race of supermen. The professional reformer has any number of equally fallacious schemes for hastening the coming of the millenium. All are alike searching a way to improve the conditions of man, and all alike fall into the same general error of seeking an external remedy for an internal disease.

We are in danger of losing sight of the fundamentals. We have fallen into the convenient habit of dealing with social evils in the abstract. We talk of Capital, of Labor, of the Child, of the Consumer, of the Poor. And we formulate highly technical, complex, and abstract theories to apply to each of these classes. It is all very intellectual and impressive, no doubt. But it fails to touch the hearth-stone of our homes, to effect one iota of change in our hearts. We starve individual human souls while professing to minister to the ills of a nation, of a race.

We shun our responsibility to our neighbor by saying that we do not like to "preach." When our conscience pricks us for our lack of interest in the welfare of those we daily associate with, we stifle it by theorizing upon the collective ills of one hundred million people. We have discovered that abstract reforms are very convenient aids for blinking our individual responsibilities.

But you and I are not abstract problems, but living souls. If you are suffering from a headache, your interest

in the Poor will temporarily reach the zero point, though it will not affect your friendship for me. Then why cannot we take more thought on reforming ourselves, instead of trying to reform the masses? If you and I both combine to help the other fellow, the chances are that the one hundred million Americans will receive genuine benefit thereby, than any number of legal statutes or ethical philosophies can impart. The remedy for the ills of society is the individual, personal life of you and I.

Isn't self-confidence wonderful! Of all the most unlikely persons the rooster is singularly free from being hen-pecked.

Recently I heard a school-boy's vehement protest against having to study English Grammar. Like the majority of us, he could find no good in a thing which he temperamentally disliked. Probably he was unaware that in time past quite a controversy was waged over the value of the study. Some educators have been outspoken enough to declare that the English language does not properly possess a grammar at all.

It happens to be all of eleven years since last I formally studied English Grammar. And I freely confess to having forgotten all of it that I ever learned, with a single notable exception. Happily for me, the sentences which I was once called upon to analyze and diagram, and punctuate and paraphrase, were all terse expressions of profound truths culled from the greatest writers of all time, and they have kept ringing in my ears to this day. They were the quintessence of the most noble thoughts of the world's greatest men, distilled into a few burning drops. By using a compound microscope, as it were, to dissect such simple sentences as "Education is the cheap defense of nations," and then gradually working up to such complex examples as "The best part of our knowledge is that which teaches us where knowledge leaves off and ignorance begins," I had the truth and conviction of these and kindred sentiments drilled into the very fibre of my being, with a thoroughness and finality that could hardly have been accomplished otherwise. Which leads me to observe that most things are best taught by indirection.

"Language," says Trench, "is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely imbedded and preserved." English Grammar ostensibly directs us to a study of that "amber." But when properly taught it leads the student to an appreciation of those countless jewels of thought which, though they are contained in the complete and voluminous works of authors, are too often overlooked. Happy indeed is he who, having once learned to prize such gems of thought, is impelled to search for himself among the accumulated deposits of ages, amply rewarded when his diligence unearths some new treasure. Mayhap their eternal sparkle and fire will communicate themselves to his own immortal soul.

Some people are proud to be known as **agnostics**. But nobody wants to be called an **ignoramus**. Yet these two words are originally synonymous. The one is Greek and the other Latin; both mean "don't know." Verily, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, it makes men foolish, ridiculous, and agnostics.

A man sat under a hickory tree, idly watching the doings of a worm. The worm patiently crawled around on the tree for quite a long while, and finally discovered a nut. With infinite labor it proceeded to bore through the hard shell, only to discover that the nut was rotten. Pretty discouraging experience for such a spineless creature as a worm! Nevertheless, it wearily hunted up another nut and began all over again.

Down under the tree the man arose and walked off blushing. This is primarily the story of a worm. Get me?

Discontent mourns over the lack of opportunity. Ambition goes right ahead and creates one.

Every little while some writer breaks into print with an article dealing with compensations for deafness. The motive which prompts such effusions is no doubt the praiseworthy one of encouraging the afflicted. But as a matter of fact deafness is its own compensation. We never think of talking about compensations for being wealthy, or for having the love of our friends.

Deafness is not a calamity. Rather, it is a blessing in disguise. It is a potent stimulus for causing a man to exert himself to his highest capabilities. It is only those persons who lack stamina and determination who are always sighing, "If only I were not deaf." Those who sigh loudest are the very ones who hear most acutely the jingle of dirty dollars and the rustle of unholy petticoats. The deaf man with an ounce of manly pride in his makeup will credit the Lord with having used good judgment in assigning to him a heavier burden than the average. He who cannot bear the responsibilities his Maker placed upon him, need not expect other men to assign him to a position of unusual trust.

Deafness goads the right sort of man to greater efforts than he would otherwise have made. It cannot be doubted that many who have shone splendidly in the world of work, would never have been heard from if deafness had not quickened their honest pride, and steeled their resolution. It is so easy to sit back and reflect that we would achieve this and conquer that, if only we were not deaf and handicapped. But the virile man goes right ahead, notwithstanding, and puts the world to the blush by his example. We need less of charity from others, and more character in ourselves. We may fool ourselves that we deserve pity and commiseration; but we cannot blink the fact that our deafness has never been an obstacle to the possession of a ready smile, an honest face, a helping hand, and a loving heart. Deaf or not deaf, the man who loves God and Work still wins!

Paragraphs on the Larger Life

By HENRY J. PULVER

SALUTATORY



MAKE my preliminary bow as the conductor of a new department in the Silent Worker with some misgivings. I am acutely conscious, not of the heavy responsibilities I have assumed, or of my own shortcomings as a writer, but of the fact that I am going to be unpopular. I am afflicted with a quality that is an unfortunate deterrent in a person seeking the plaudits of the crowd. I have a penchant for vivisectioning people and telling them the truth about themselves, according to my own viewpoint. This is a thing the dear Public utterly abhors. It lavishes its fickle favors with uncalculating prodigality upon the writer who pulls the blinders further over its eyes, but heaps with calumny and anathema the head of the person who sets himself seriously to the labor of wiping the vapor off its spectacles, as I shall do. If "fashionable" doctors had the temerity to tell certain of their women patients that they were frankly "fat," instead of "fashionably stout," and needed, not pills, but exercise, or that their ills were, as is frequently the case, purely imaginary, we would soon have to form bread lines for impecunious medicos, or have ex-surgeons wait upon us in the restaurants, and ex-physicians collecting the ashes on Tuesdays. If all our preachers spoke the things that were in their hearts, and told their people the full truth about themselves, and what they were in the way to become, instead of coddling them with sugar-coated piety, they would soon be harranging empty pews. Even now, I believe a census would confirm a theory of mine, that more people go to the "Movies" on Sundays than ever darken the doors of our churches. This is why, as I have said before, I am going to be unpopular.

My misgivings, however, are not for myself, but for the

Editor. He will have to bear the brunt of my unpopularity. Presently, impassioned persons, whom I have had the ill-luck to scratch with my pen will write him very personal letters, demanding to know the reason for the outrage, and why I was turned loose on an inoffensive long-suffering public. And when the fact that I am to conduct a monthly department in the **Worker** penetrates to their consciousness, their displeasure will know no bounds. They will heatedly inquire why they were thus taken unawares,—why they were not given due and sufficient warning, that they might stop their subscriptions before I was perpetrated upon them.

I pity the poor Editor. He already has a lot to worry about, without assuming the heavy odium of being responsible for me. Each month he must marshal his battalions of printed words, often from the most uninspiring of material. Somehow or other, the magazine must be gotten out. Each column requires its quota, and the presiding genius of the show is expected to wave his editorial baton like a conjuror's wand, and produce readable "copy" from nowhere, much as the stage magician jerks a kicking rabbit from some amazed citizen's hat. Like a Sisyphus, he is condemned to the never-ending toil of rolling uphill a stone, which, when the summit has been attained, promptly tumbles to the bottom again. No sooner is one issue committed to the none too efficient hands of the postman than he wakes up to the cold gray dawn of filling his empty galleys for the next issue.

The worst of the business is the readers. Are they properly grateful for the prodigious amount of labor the hapless Editor expends in their behalf? They are not. Usually, they are not even tolerant, and he is frequently deluged with sulphurous communications from "Pure" Oralists and Unadulterated Manualists who desire the

reason for the insults that were leveled at their pet theories in the last issue. Even worse than the method faddists are the bright young maniacs who try to tell him how to run his magazine. Placed between the two, like Don Quixote between the arms of the Windmill, he is constantly obliged to restrain himself forcibly from the pleasing temptation to do mayhem and murder.

I shall, therefore, not blame the harrassed Editor if he succumbs to the pleas of those who feelingly complain they can endure me no longer, and exercises his prerogative of the "bum's rush." Yet I shall be deeply grieved, if I am not allowed before I am summarily thrown into the street to write my Valedictory. I feel that a Valedictory is needful as a counterbalance to this Salutatory. If I am denied a Valedictory, my sense of the good and the pure and the beautiful, as respects journalism, will be wounded beyond repair.

I have pondered long and assiduously over the riddle of my selection to conduct a department in this periodical. Why was the spotlight turned in my direction? Why am I thus unceremoniously hauled from my slumbers and subjected to the indignity of having my frailties viewed by a gaping and unsympathetic populace? As I look over the ranks of my far more able contemporaries, the mystery of the business grows upon me. With such a plethora of literary treasures to be had for the mining in the editorial staff of the *L. P. F.*, and with the Exclusive Oralists constantly pouring from their retorts and test tubes their triple-distilled quintessence of supermen and superwomen, why was I singled out to wear the purple? Better had this stuff I am writing been left to sleep in well-merited obscurity. Can it be that those of the younger generation who have emerged from their novitiate in the Scribblers' Guild are too modest to usher their brain children into the pitiless light of publicity? Or is it possible that they are lazy, to a degree only slightly more than myself? But these possible solutions are vacuous in the face of the impassioned outbursts that have from time to time been imposed upon us in these columns by earnest young persons who felt they were being misunderstood, and wanted to tell the world about it.

Eureka, I have found it! Lo, as I write these lines, the business becomes crystal-clear. The cloak that has enveloped the esoteric puzzle of my selection disintegrates thread by thread, and I am able to perceive in the full, the humanitarian purpose of the Editor. I am to be used as meat for the lions. Great as this discovery is, I announce it without amazement. What is more logical? Public taste and public morals have degenerated to such an extent that people are no longer completely satisfied with the honest literary workmanship and honest thinking that have hitherto shone in these columns. The degraded criterion of the day demands "columnism," a crime from which the finished literary craftsman, with the ideals of his art at heart instinctively revolts. Naturally, it is unthinkable to sacrifice any of the more able writing men to the clamor of the populace. But I, who have never claimed to be anything more than a dilettante and gallery-god, cheerfully accept the assignment. If the populace thirsts for a spectacle, let them have it. But before they loosen the lions, let them see that their teeth are filed; they may, perchance, find the meat stringy.

I have said that I was a gallery-god. Those of my long-suffering readers who have followed my career hitherto will be at no pains to grasp the identity. You know what a gallery-god is. He is the leather-lunged individual who occupies the ten-cent seat up near the roof of the theatre and makes himself such an insufferable nuisance to the complacent actors on the stage, and the self-satisfied spectators in pit and stalls. He is the gentle-

man who lies in wait for such verbal misadventures as, "S'death, thou shalt rue this day, my fine fellow," or "This torture is unendurable," and puts the actor out of face by shouting, "Hear! hear!" The gallery-god is perched betwixt heaven and earth, like the coffin of Mahomet. From this fact, I dare say, he derives the Mahometan prerogative of criticizing the play from time to time with hoarsely-shouted comments, and of bursting out into ribald laughter at situations in which carefully trained playgoers find nothing to laugh about.

Despite his manifest unpopularity I shall defend the gallery-god against the world. I regard him as a necessary institution. He is the most efficient antidote that has yet been discovered for the blighting influence of the puffed-upness and self-sufficiency of the times. He does not sit on the stage or near enough to it to be robbed of his critical faculty by the glare of the footlights, or be denuded of his common sense by the ogings of the leading lady. He sits in the rarified atmosphere near the rafters, from which position, he can observe the movements of every player on the stage, and appraise the drama at nearer its true worth than anyone else in the house. He can see, not only the trees, but the forest, as well. This is why I would rather be a gallery-god than the scintillating star of the piece. Gallery-godism, forever!

I am, then, a gallery-god, but with this difference,—my theatre is the world, and my play is the melodrama called "life." I sit, not with head caressing the rafters, but beside a window, thru which I can watch the ebb and flow of life's conflict, without danger of being struck by stray brickbats. From my point of vantage, I can watch every movement, and study all the subtle gradations of the drama, without at the same time, being obliged to side with one faction or the other. I shall therefore be able to analyze without prejudice the various features of the performance, and tell my readers, not their opinion of the play, but mine. Occasionally, my opinions may be influenced by the color of my window-panes, which may vary from *couleur de rose* to a tint of deepest indigo, but I shall still maintain that they are the truest things I know how to think or write.

The value of my articles, if they are destined to have any value whatever, will result from the fact that they are the expression of my personality, and not merely imprints from the rubber stamp of public opinion. Everything worth writing or reading should reflect the individualism of the author, and be poured glowing at white heat from the rubber stamp of public opinion. Everything down trees for making paper upon which to print things about which people are already pretty well agreed. It is not only an isiotic waste, but is a crime of vandalism that demands the services of a firing squad.

The importance of the personal element is this, that when a man is confronted by a personality at odds with his own, he is surprised into the exercise of his reasoning faculty, which might otherwise have lain quiescent. He is obliged, in spite of himself, to **think**. He must think or die; the only alternative is self-extinction. It is not a question of whether the thing that challenges his interest is true or untrue, but if the writer is earnest and sincere. This is the service that can be rendered by every writing man true to his salt. You may not believe the things written by Marx or Tolstoi, or by Rousseau or Freud, but they make you **think**, because they come molten from the intellectual crucibles of the writers. Set beside them the tame commonplaces of the scribbler whose aim is merely to serve as modeling clay for other people's ideas, and you can perceive what I am getting at.

I shall here pause to rescue those hapless persons who have become lost in this verbal labyrinth, and have been

shouting for succor this half hour past, until they are red in the face and hoarse from their exertions. They would know the meaning of all this drivel, and why, if I am going anywhere, I do not set out, and put an end to the suspense without more ado. Patience! I am coming to the reason for it all.

What, then is the specific aim of this department? Well, I want something. What this thing is, I do not exactly know. Few writers do. When they write **pro** and **con** in relation to this or to that they are moved by the fact of its agreement or opposition to their manner of life, and for the most part, their energies are given to an unconscious resistance of things that would alter their habits. This is precisely my position. I purpose to postulate as desirable my own standards, and to point out the excellences and defects of things in the light of my personal viewpoint, which is what every honest writing man should do. Hence, I will deal, not with one subject, but with many.

I reserve the right of the gallery-god to cheer and to boo at pleasure, accordingly as I like or dislike a thing. But I fain would inject in my writings the quality in which the typical gallery-god is most deficient,—discrimination. I shall make use of the critical faculty only in extreme cases, and then only when actually driven to it. For instance, when some earnest young person who has been psycho-analyzed rushes into print with a purely vacuous intent, such as the exploitation of some exclusive method of education at the expense of all others, I shall not hesitate to recommend that he be gently led to the guillotine and put out of his misery. I shall even entertain an unholy desire to conduct the execution, and hold up the head afterwards to show that there are no brains in it. But for the most part, I shall devote my energies to telling people the best and deepest things I know.

I do not know what I want, but I have a theory that is in substance something like a body of doctrine. I have designated it in my label as the Larger Life. By this, I mean a life that is lived in its fullness, with due weight given to the higher and finer elements of mind and soul. It is not merely a physical life, of eating and drinking, of working and sleeping, but the life of the Spirit, which is the seeking after the God-spark that is in one's self, and in every other man.

I have a belief, which I shall be glad to demonstrate for the benefit of the doubters that the average deaf person does not develop the spiritual side of his nature, but lives a mere animal existence. He shuts himself up in the padded cell of his own small interests, and is there imprisoned, as in thick-ribbed ice, while the current of civilization, richly laden with materials for self-advancement flows by unheeded. The reason for this, as I see it, is that we do not sufficiently exercise our wits, but let other people do our heavy thinking for us. When a man **thinks**, he must act; he cannot simply stand still. It will therefore be one of the leading objectives of this department to encourage **thinking**, with the attainment of the Larger Life as the ultimate, but still far-off, goal. To this end I dedicate myself with all humility.

I warn my readers not to look for a direct and positive presentation of the issue; they will not find it. There are other methods of gaining access to a house besides bursting in the front door with a battering ram, and I purpose to make full use of them. My approaches may at times be unexpected; and I may steal upon my readers without warning; I may come down the chimney, or enter by the cellar-window; I may make use of **vers libre**, anecdote, and soap box oratory; but all these shifts and expedients will be subservient to the main ends.

I hope to discourage some people from making the charge (as they will), that I am an egoist. I do not set myself up as an authority on anything. Indeed, I do not even assert that I shall be original; I will take my material when and where I can get it. I ask the support of my readers, or if they cannot give me that, their forbearance; not for the justness of what I may say; I have never claimed for myself the divine attribute of Justice; but because I shall strive to be sincere.

What do I expect to get out of the business? I do not know. Nobody knows. But there are some who have been waiting for this question to assure me that if there is any justice in the world, I will get ten years at hard labor. I concede the labor part of it; to a person possessing my laziness and disinclination to work it is not only hard labor, but actual misery to write an article of this length. But it remains with the Editor to confirm or veto the time clause of the sentence. Probably, the most I shall get out of the thing will be furious letters from people I have been unfortunate enough to stab with my pen, heaving my head with infamy, and asking why, since I was born to be a bricklayer or street sweeper, I do not stick to the tools of my trade, and leave the pen to those who know how to wield it. If nothing more than this results from my writing, I shall be perfectly content, for I shall have succeeded in goading the truculent ones into the exercise of that seldom-used organ, the **mind**.

EFFICIENTLY NASTY

A colored boy employed as an office-boy came to work one morning with a face that looked as if it had been run through a meat-grinder.

"Henry," demanded his surprised employer, "what in the world happened to you?"

"Well, suh, boss," explained Henry, "I got into a li'le argument las' night wif another cull'd genlm'n, and one thing led to another twell I up and hit at him. Well, suh, it seemed lak dat irritated him. He took and blacked both of mah eyes, and bit both of mah years mighty nigh off, and split mah lip and den he throwed me down and stomped me in de stomach. Honest, boss, I never did get so sick of a cull'd genlm'n in mah life!"

—Unknown.



VIVIAN SMITH, 14 year old daughter of Tilden Smith of Waco, Texas, won first prize for best and most perfect penmanship at Texas Cotton Palace and Exposition, Waco, Texas, last November.



THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson



COMES now the case of John T. Dilke. John Dilke learned his trade of painting in the shops of the Southern Pacific at Sacramento. Those were the good old days, when in addition to having finely equipped shops at the state capital, the Southern Pacific also had a little of everything else, including a lobby which performed many of the functions now taken over by the State Railroad Commission. However be it, in spite of what may be said against railroad politics of those times, the aforesaid shops certainly turned out many skilled craftsmen. One of these was Mr. Dilke. Coming to the Bay region he readily found employment with the largest painting firms and worked on many of the largest buildings in San Francisco.

About a year ago, while painting at the Standard Oil plant in Richmond, Mr. Dilke was taken sick. After an absence of several days, he again reported for work but was soon taken violently ill, and upon returning home passed into a delirium which lasted for over a month. The doctor called to treat him pronounced the case one of lead poisoning, a disease common to painters and one entitling the worker to damages under the Workmen's Compensation Law, but for some reason the doctor never reported the case to the proper authorities, the Industrial Accident Commission. Mr. Dilke's trouble was extremely painful and in the course of time passed through the hands of several doctors. One of these, in the fourth month of the case reported the matter to the Accident Commission. The result was that a hearing of his case was made before the Commission.

Three doctors testified at the hearing and all reported that none of the usual symptoms of lead poisoning were present. On their testimony no damages were awarded to Mr. Dilke, though a portion of his doctor bills were paid. With the aid of the physician who had attended him during the first four weeks of his illness, Mr. Dilke secured a re-hearing. Through the testimony of this doctor, full liability damages were awarded for four weeks. As the duration of his disability had now extended over nearly a year and as the doctor bills for these four weeks were not included in the award of damages, as is customary, Mr. Dilke applied for a third hearing, which was granted. The liability company carrying his insurance demurred to this, alleging that they had not been informed of his illness and had no opportunity to furnish a doctor and therefore were not responsible for any expense incurred. To offset this testimony, Mr. Dilke submitted a signed statement from the foreman in charge of the work at the Standard Oil plant at the time he was taken sick in which statement the foreman admitted that he had knowledge of Mr. Dilke's illness. In spite of this evidence no further damages were awarded to Mr. Dilke, the testimony of three doctors, who had treated him after the apparent symptoms of lead poisoning had disappeared from his system, being too great to be disregarded.

I have stated Mr. Dilke's case at some length, because had his employers and the Accident Commission been notified promptly of his case, there is no doubt but what the testimony of his doctor would have secured for him the fullest possible compensation and many times what was actually awarded. Deaf em-

ployees and deaf employers, too, in states where there are workmen's compensation laws, should familiarize themselves with the matter in order that they may as employees reap the full benefits of the law or as employers protect themselves against damages. These compensation laws are in the different states in most respects similar, so the California code may be considered typical of all.

In California the only occupation to which the law does not give compensation are farming, dairying, and other agricultural pursuits and household domestic labor or service. By insuring his employees with an authorized insurance carrier or by securing from the Commission a certificate of consent to self insurance, an employer is liable to damages only through the Accident Commission. If he does not follow this procedure, he is not only liable for compensation but also exposed to a suit for damages in the Superior Courts. Deaf employers and for that matter any deaf person hiring labor of any sort other than the exempt occupations will do well to pay the small sum required by insurance carriers and thus relieve themselves from any liability for injury to those in their employ. The owner of three small cottages in Berkeley not long ago employed a man to make some repairs on the premises. While thus occupied the latter met with his death and relatives secured heavy compensation which the owner was unable to meet except by turning over his property to the dead man's family. Where there is any question as to the liability of an occupation, inquiries should be made of the Accident Commission. Of course it would be perfectly safe to hire a contractor to repair a roof, but in case the owner of the house supplied the material and contracted only for the labor, the status of the case might be changed.

When any workman or employee sustains an injury "arising out of and in course of the employment" and the employment is not one of the excluded classes, he is entitled to all the medical, surgical and hospital treatment that may reasonably be required, the same to be furnished by the employer. If the employee prefers to select his own doctor and treatment, he may do so, but at his own expense, unless the employer or insurance carrier consents to the arrangement. In case the employee is not satisfied with the doctor furnished him by his employer he is entitled to one change of physicians upon request. This privilege does not hold, however, where the employer maintains an approved hospital and hospital staff.

If the injury causes disability of more than seven days, the employee is entitled to 65 per cent of his average weekly wages during the remaining period of disability. Where the injury is permanent, one which deprives the employee of any member of the body, or causes the loss in the normal use of any member of the body, the Commission estimates the per cent of disability and awards compensation proportionately. Where the disability is judged to be 70 per cent or over, these weekly compensations extend over the life of the applicant. Loss of the sight of both eyes, the use of both hands, total paralysis, and injury to the brain resulting in insanity are forms of total disability. In case of the death of an employee from an injury the dependants of the deceased are entitled to a death benefit, based upon the extent of their dependance.

The above are the main features of the Workmen's Compensation Law with which every deaf employer and employee should endeavor to make himself familiar. The law itself is necessarily very intricate and in all cases of doubt the Accident Commission may be consulted. At any rate an injured employee should promptly notify his employer of his injury. A record should be kept of the date of the injury and names and the addresses of witnesses, the compensation payments made, and the date fixed by the doctor for his return to work. The doctor on the case should report the injury and resulting disability, but in any case the injured man feels that his case is not being given the proper attention, he should notify the Commission, which will take up the matter for him free of charge. In all cases the matter must be brought before the Commission within six months of the date of the injury or within six months after the last payment for compensation or medical treatment was made.

The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf is rated "the biggest thing in deafdom." About the biggest thing connected with the Society is its Budgetary Committee. At conventions of the Society the Budgetary Committee is the hub about which all things revolve. It is the mill through which passes most of the important matters of the organization and through which the future three years policy of the Society is determined. Within the Budgetary Committee the wheat is separated from the chaff. What the Committee decides, usually goes on the floor. Consequently the members of this Committee are chosen with extreme care and they are usually men of sterling worth. California may well be proud that the chairman of this Committee is a Native Son, Mr. L. C. Williams. Keen and unafraid, always standing out in front to take the brunt of the battle when necessity warrants, the undaunted spirit of L. C. Williams marks him a born leader of men.

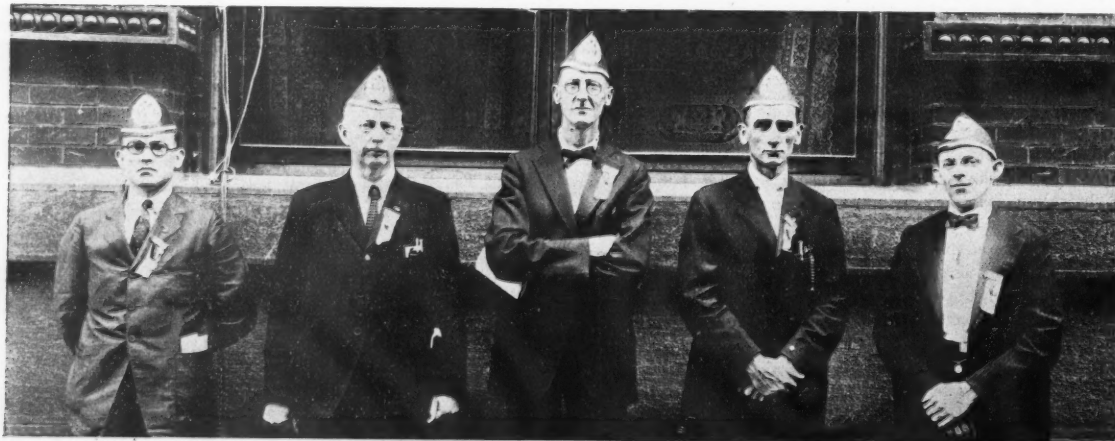
San Francisco business men penetrating into the snows of the Sierras recently came upon a town where several of the prominent citizens had been mulcted to the extent of about \$10,000. The latter had been invested in the stock of a company formed for the manufacture of glass coffins. Some wily individual had slipped quietly into the town with a sample of the proposed company's product, a small glass coffin, which he exhibited to the leading citizens. It was a nifty contrivance and one which would allow the dear departed to be preserved in a "vacuum" and viewed from all angles. The aforesaid citizens were not so much interested in the possibilities of the coffin as they were in the glittering returns which the promoter promised. After he had departed with a goodly proportion of the town's spare

cash, he wrote from Los Angeles that he was perfecting his rights in Europe and for \$1000 more he would be pleased to let the enterprising investors in on the ground floor. There was no blare of trumpets about his promotion scheme. Neither was it advertised. Operations were conducted quietly and the whole transaction may have been legal except in one respect.

California has a blue sky law and before anyone may sell stock in this state a permit must be secured from the proper commission. The promoter of glass coffins evidently had not secured this permission and apparently was not anxious to come into contact with the commission. Hence the secrecy. Recently a number of deaf men appeared in California in the guise of promoters. So far as we have been able to learn these men, Messrs. Sinclair, Donahue, Meacham, Trainor, and perhaps others are very likeable fellows, but the quietness of their movements and the difficulty one experiences in getting any reliable data as to what they have been promoting, suggests something similar to the glass coffin case. These men have been travelling across the country selling stock to the deaf. In California operations suddenly ceased, the excuse being made that the stock had been over subscribed. On the other hand, they may have run afoul of California's blue sky law. Any way there is no excuse for the lack of publicity attending their operations. If the latter are for the benefit of the deaf, the promoters should assist in giving them publicity. If these operations are not to the benefit of the deaf, then they should be given the greatest possible publicity.

The Brodrick Hardwood Flooring Company has expanded its business and taken into partnership Mr. Melvin Davidson. The other member of the firm is Mr. Edward Brodrick. Mr. Brodrick started the business a decade ago, walking to his work. Later on he invested in a bicycle; then a motorcycle. Finally the business grew to the point where an automobile came in handy. Now the firm has two automobiles. About ten men are employed and the firm at times has half a dozen jobs on hand. Much building is going on around the bay and many old houses are being overhauled, so Messrs. Brodrick and Davidson anticipate a busy season. They could give employment to several additional experienced floor-layers.

A few hours before he took his life, Mr. Charles J. Poole wrote to The Argonaut from Los Angeles that he had made a gift of \$500 to the National Association of the Deaf. The gift was in the form of stock, which he had forwarded to officials of the Association in the East. Inquiries by the latter officials have ascertained that the stock is worth practically its par value, so the gift is indeed a welcome one to the Association. Mr. Poole was not known personally to the writer, and was



THE BUDGETARY COMMITTEE, NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

Respectful, loyal, unafraid they stand,
The chosen leaders of a chosen band.
Have a look, you five thousand Fraters, at the men who have largely shaped the policy of your Society for the current three years. The Budgetary Committee is a most important cog in the biggest machine in deafdom. Left to right they read: Brady, Philadelphia; Hanson, Seattle; Williams, San Francisco, Chairman; Neesam, Delavan; Lubin, New York.

Youthful Argonauts



Donia Jean Brodrick. The spirit of old Kentucky, on her mother's side, runs through her veins, but California claims her as a native daughter. Jean, they call her that, is three years old. She is passionately fond of her daddy, who is a building contractor of Berkeley.



Raymond Depew. Raymond is Jean's half-brother, their mother being Emily Fariss Depew Brodrick. Raymond who has just turned twelve is entering the high school. He is fond of books and fonder still of football, having played tackle on his grammar school team. Raymond runs the family poultry yard and has plenty of spending money when the market is good.

acquainted with few of the deaf in Los Angeles. He was an elderly man of retiring disposition and not being well versed in the sign language, though deaf from childhood, he doubtless felt estranged from the rest of the world. His death was long premeditated and as he said in his communication it would be useless to reply to him as before his letter was received he would be "beyond the mailing zone of this world."

Mr. Robert J. Mephram, formerly instructor in shoemaking at the California School for the Deaf, has opened a shoe-repairing shop at 5725 Claremont Avenue, Oakland. He is another one of the young men of the Golden State, who have shown so much initiative in starting business of their own, and will be heard from before long as he is an expert at his line of work.

The official separation of the state schools for the deaf and blind took place on February 1st. According to announcements all details of the separation have been worked out with the exception of appointing a principal to the school for the blind. Mr. H. C. Harter, who had been head teacher of the blind department for some years past, has been made acting principal, pending the choice of a permanent principal. There are said to be many candidates for the position, both from this state and the east. Mr. William A. Cadwell continues as principal of the school for the deaf. Mr. J. S. McCullough, who has been business manager for both schools in the past continues in that capacity. Of course no additional buildings are being erected, there being no money available for the purpose. So apart from these appointments, the school routine runs on pretty much as of yore.

Wanted—A Name

The ladies of Atlanta, Ga., are seeking a more suitable and lasting name for their club.

This club was formerly called the 1921 club, or Ladies Auxiliary, and more recently the 1923 Club, and the Silent Woman's Club. Neither name was ever intended to be permanent.

They are now looking for a permanent name, one that will STICK for always and express all the club stands for. They are desirous of finding the name as soon as possible in order to have it engraved upon the Silver Loving Cup which this woman's division of the local N. A. D. are offering the State in our "Associate State" list that helps Atlanta the most financially to entertain the 1923 convention, and at the same time secures the largest number of new members to the N. A. D. by July 30, 1923.

Atlanta has a most wide awake and energetic bunch of ladies, and the real object of their club is to get behind every good movement started here looking to the welfare and advancement of the deaf of Atlanta, Georgia, and the south, and seeing to it that every good movement or drive for funds goes "over the top."

Any one suggesting a suitable and lasting name, a name with the word "Silent" omitted if possible, will please mail their suggestion to Mrs. J. G. Bishop, 536 Spring St., Atlanta. \$2.00 in cash and wide newspaper publicity will be given for the name finally chosen.

A picture of the cup, with the new name chosen for the club together with a picture of the winner in contest will be published in an early issue of THE SILENT WORKER, and Deaf-Mutes Journal. Get busy Send in your list of names at once.

J. S.'S BEAR HUNT

By J. P.



IF YOU are a resident of the Adirondack foot-hills, you are accessible to civilization one way and to the lesser civilization of the vast North Woods the other. One way invites you trainward to where industry, populace and spending abound; the other calls to the primitive instinct in man which now and then manifests itself. It is the call of the winding rivers; of the limpid, sky-colored lakes; of the deer-fields yet uninhabited; of the misty hills and peaks and down below them the thicker forests—the forests where the camper finds a confidence in the tall sentinels that tower over him by night.

To a hunter, throughout the year, each pleasant morning offers a similiar prospect of either the good or bad. It is for him only to heed the mutely call that tempts him to try his luck. But for a bear hunt the Spring time is preferable. Nature is awakening. Man is recovering from winter confinement. He longs to try himself. It is the time when the call of the quest is strong to both man and beast. And particularly so to the black bear. To those who do not know him he creates admiration, and to others, a terrible-ness. He is either, but the State has him classed as vermin. No law protects him in the warm light of early Spring as he emerges from his hole deep among the rocks. He has fasted the greater part of the winter and he is coarse and shrunken. He is hungry and prowls about his environs snapping off green twigs and clawing at bits of new growth. If necessary, he does not hesitate to roam still farther to do damage or to kill. His instincts demand that he satisfy them, and so, it is customary in the mountains that he be met and dealt with.

Tip had decided to accompany me. He always wanted to. And this time his joyous barks and eagerness so mobbed me that I could not refuse. Tip was two parts hound with drooping ears and long tail. The other part didn't matter altho I liked to trace him back directly to a fox.

No fault could have been found with the morning that we had selected in early May. Dawn was cloudless and equipped as we had previously decided upon, we were off at sun-rise. We carried a light lunch and wore heavy corduroys and high boots. I carried my deer gun, a .30-40 repeating type. It was light, short, and adaptable to instantaneous use in a thick wood; the octagon barrel having a Marble Front Sight made to spot a dark object quickly. My companion was big Leon Aldrich, a French-Canadian, wise in wood lore and whose physical difference was chiefly in height. He was a desirable friend and

helper, and was now engaged in farming the rest of his life. He had on a lumberman's red, checkered shirt, slouch hat and a round of cartridges that ended with a hunting knife. He fondled a little .30 Winchester carbine claiming that it would "get" anything.

We had a six-mile hike and then the rest of the day to explore the rocky dens that clustered around old Pot Mountain. The road to Pot Ash lay along the river looking north. In the early shadows of the hills, and blowing directly from the river, the morning chill was sharp and both I and the dog evinced satisfaction for having participated heartily of the bacon and "cakes" before leaving. Passing a number of hill farms, some bare, and others with

the men-folk about to commence barn-yard duties, we came to a by-road and took it. This broken path remained of a good road that had once led to an active lumber-camp. The camp, three miles beyond, was now in a solemn state of decay. We nosed around in one crumbling shack keeping eyes on the dog, who was, as Leon said, "—poking for a chuck or something" 'neath the boards."

From here we cut across a grassy deer meadow where wild deer tracks were plentiful. We were now on the north side of Pot Ash and agreed to penetrate the woods toward the heights. The interior woodland light was much subdued in spite of brilliant contrast way above. Gradually, we ascended, climbing thru a densely wooded basin; squeezing thru and dodging under the tangle of bushes, and sliding over the dead trunks of fallen



LOOKING OUT, PART WAY UP POT ASH MOUNTAIN

trees. I told Leon to stay on my right about fifty paces and keep the distance as then we could command a wider range. Leon, mindful of my deafness, did not like to leave my side in the woods, but I reassured him by tying the dog to my belt. Tip forged straight ahead quiet but alert. I kept shifting my vision knowing it best to use it everywhere—as much overhead and backward as straight ahead. I also had an eye on the dog for sound direction, as in the woods, "—the spirits glide in the stillness." We reached a high elevation in about two hours but nothing had been seen. Leon came over and we slowed up. We were both visibly dripping from perspiration; myself being flushed and scratched. My flannel shirt about the shoulders looked like a rag.

About noon we reached a rocky cliff high up on the top of the mountain. Together we proceeded to examine the holes among the rocks and fallen boulders. Sure enough, here were bear! Leon pointed to the opening and it bore

fresh evidence of having sheltered old Bruin that very night. The new dirt was rounded in the form of a nest and there was plenty of long black and gray hairs. We watched sharply but saw no other unusual aspect. Up here the dog had somewhat lost his tenseness and was beginning to pant hard in the noon sun. I beckoned Leon that we climb to the top and eat. It would be possible to keep a good watch and at the same time rest.

We loafed on the warm rock until in the afternoon and then I noticed that Leon was beginning to show signs of disappointment. He got up and gave vent to his feelings by heaving, with my help, several big, loosened rocks over the cliff, where they plunged some sixty feet crashing over others and making a storm of dust. It smelt like gun-powder. Altho feeling as Leon did respecting wasted effort, I was reluctant to leave as I had been enjoying myself with a really fine view of the country and allowed my eye to play lazily with the twisting, rushing river far below.

Half way down, the dog suddenly bristled with alarm. I glanced around for Leon. He was peering at a clump of bushes and rock over to the left. The dog tugged and quivered more furiously. Again I looked as I climbed nearer Leon. This time the sight I saw froze me for a moment. There behind a big gray rock a black head and shoulder came slowly into view, half snuffing, half peering our way. Then I felt the report of Leon's rifle and saw the shaggy form draw back. This made me recover and I held my own gun ready. My front sight was making circles around that rock. Presently a medium sized black bear scrambled into view over the top of the rock as tho making for us. My little bead centered somewhere in the middle of that black and I pulled. The effect unsteadied me. I looked for the black target. It was gone. I hastily reloaded, my fears again unsatisfied. A bang on the shoulder caused me to wheel. It was Leon. He had passed me a fond slap on the back and was aglow.

I queried to him, "Hit him Leon?" For answer he nodded and grinned roundly. I untied the dog which was crazy by this time. Leon was climbing downward to get a side view of that rock. And, feeling bolder myself, I climbed upward and over to get a similar view from above and possibly another crack at the bear. A little ways, and I could see Leon dexterously leaping the rocks holding his gun over his head and also a pit of black directly behind that large rock. I yelled to Leon to call the dog back. I then aimed again at the motionless black mass at what appeared to be his head. The result was a dull thud and I saw Leon wave not to shoot again.

I watched Leon cautiously climb up toward that rock letting the dog lead. But our bear did not move. After a close inspection, Leon announced him dead and commenced pulling to move him out. I lay aside my gun and we both tugged mightily to dislodge him from that tight place. He must have been 250 pounds of limp, bloody carcass. Two shots had apparently dispatched him and Leon gave me the credit, failing to find his own mark. One bullet had plowed thru his chest, the other one flattened behind his ear. We could not ascertain which shot had been the fatal hit but I had wondered why he had not reappeared to charge us after the chest hit. Now I knew. After getting this shock he had evidently fallen off the rock dazed or weakened into a groove beneath, which, had fit him so well he must have been held there. Hence he had died, as he had lived, hiding among the rocks.

About sun-down we reached the river road. Leon had carried the hide after skinning him. It was a poor fur, the thick coat, being worn bare in several places from so much denning among the rocks. I am ashamed to now admit it, but it was a great relief to me to get out of that wood safely. And more, a great privilege to be met by a passing rig and given a "lift" the greater way home. If all breaks well, we will make another trip especially for black bear.



Mr. and Mrs. Morris Laharty of New Orleans. Mrs. Laharty, before her marriage was Miss Frieda Stern of Brooklyn, N. Y. Their baby is named Bernard Laharty, and is five and a half months old, born July 30, 1921. The child is a fine wide awake boy.





WOMAN'S PAGE

Edited by MRS. G. T. SANDERS

WOMEN



T HAS been justly said that "a house minus a woman is like a flower without fragrance."

The hand of a woman gives the finishing touch to every house however humble.

To women we concede the honor of giving to her country sons of whom she may be proud. Her influence is as far reaching as the sands of the sea. To her influence the best of men have given the praise for their success. Abraham Lincoln said, "To my mother belongs all the honor for what I am now or may be."

William McKinley said, "To the little mother I owe all my success in overcoming the buffetings of the world."

Benjamin West said, "My mother's kiss made me a painter."

To women belong the honor of founding the Red Cross whose invaluable work, both at home and abroad has blessed thousands upon thousands of wounded soldiers.

It was one woman whose hand made and flung to the breeze the flag of our country whose glory shall never grow dim while our Republic stands. A woman the Grace Darling of America has saved more lives than any one along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Women had the courage to act as messengers between outposts during both the Civil and the World Wars. Her courage and indomitable will helped to strengthen the hard driven men fighting for the honor of their beloved country.

Women's clubs have helped to maintain and widen the good work of churches, their tireless efforts along settlement work in the larger cities have done wonders.

The last queen of England was a woman who ruled with such kindness and justice that her death caused sorrow throughout the civilized world.

In recent years almost every profession has been thrown open to women and now that she has been given the right to vote, it is hoped in a short time that her good influence will do much towards purifying politics.

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

SPEAKS HER MIND

In the article, "Getting The Public Eye," which appeared in the January issue of *THE SILENT WORKER*, the writer expressed a strong desire for a million dollars to carry out a beautiful idea.

Most of us would like to think what we would do if we possessed a million to spend as we pleased.

Of course, we, who belong to the so-called "fair" sex are tempted sorely to turn loose our imagination and wonder how many charming new dresses, luxurious furs, lovely hats and things like that we would buy if we only had the desired amount.

However, I shall firmly turn my back to all such temptations and tell you what is on my mind.

Pages could be filled with the foolish questions people have asked me about my deafness and so if I had the million I would use it in this way that I am passing on for the reader's amendment.

I would love to mail to the hearing public throughout the land, little cards of pale pink with gilt edges, attractively printed with black wording to read something like this:

SOME THINGS A DEAF PERSON WOULD LIKE TO KNOW. . .

Why some people whisper and talk about a deaf person in their presence.

Why anyone who has witnessed the sign language many times before should consider it so amusing as to postpone an important business engagement merely to watch deaf mutes carry on a conversation.

Why we are put in the same class with the insane and the "not bright" and are looked upon as strange exceptional beings just because we lack the sense of hearing.

Why those who seem concerned of our welfare should hold the opinion that our chance of getting into heaven is small indeed because we do not go to church regularly every Sunday.

Why some people think we cannot see because we cannot hear.

Why our "best" people often shout and stare and snap at one who is hard of hearing.

Why one who would not even think of laughing at a lame person or one wearing eyeglasses will laugh outright at an old lady or gentleman with a hearing horn or ear trumpet.

And, lastly, is it to be wondered at if we avoid people who are continually wounding us, and who force us to take refuge within ourselves?

We realize that we are abnormally sensitive, diffident and self-conscious. No doubt we should show more courage and control our feelings better than we do. But how could we help being thus?

I have not yet seen the cards made for distribution by the Publicity Committee of the Greater New York Branch of the N. A. D. These will no doubt prove much more helpful than mine would and anyway they are *real* while mine belongs only with air castles, moon dreams and things like that.

FANNIE LEE CHAPMAN.

LA FAYETTE, GEORGIA, R. R. No. 4.

THE SECRET OF GREATNESS

Christ was a great teacher. His mission was to educate humanity. There came to him those two disciples who wanted "to get to the top." Those two sons of Zebedee wanted to have the two greatest places in the New Kingdom they imagined He would establish on earth. They got busy pursuing greatness, but I do not read that they were half so busy preparing for greatness.

They even had their mother out electioneering for them. "O, Master," said the mother, "grant that these my two sons may sit, one on the right hand, and the other on the left, in thy Kingdom." The Master looked with love and pity upon their unpreparedness. "Are ye able to drink of the cup?"

Then he gave the only definition of greatness that can ever stand: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be thy minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

That is, we cannot be "born great" nor "have greatness thrust upon" us. We must "achieve greatness" by developing it inside—developing ability to minister and to serve.

We cannot buy a great arm. Our arm must become a great servant, and thus it becomes great. We cannot buy a great mind. Our mind must become a great servant, and thus it becomes great. We cannot buy a great character; it is earnest in great moral service.—*Ralph Parlette.*

✧

The woman successful as a social being the man successful in business, has the peculiar faculty of being 100 per cent present in every personal interview or contact.

Here is a woman who is celebrated for personal charm, or magnetism or whatever name one cares to bestow upon that indefinable but very real quality. How does she do it? What is the recipe?

Answer—she devotes herself wholly, for the duration of the meeting, to the one with whom she is conversing.

She is not thinking of the domestic cares she left behind or the next appointment to which she is hastening.

For the time being, she identifies herself in a complete community of interest with the one to whom she is speaking.

And the one thus addressed feels pleased and gratified. There isn't one of us who does not care for what seems to us to be perceptive and comprehensive appreciation. We are all "warmed and filled," as St. James would say, when we meet one who—at last—gives us a rating at our value—or at a value surprisingly and flatteringly higher than we thought we had.—*Clipping.*

✧

The complete name of Princess Kainlani of the Sandwich islands is Victoria Kawekin Kaiulani Lunalile Kalaninulahi-aalapa Cleghorn. She is not a typical Kanaka, but looks and acts like a English girl.

✧

Let us suppose that Victoria Kalaninulahi-aalapa had fallen a victim of some illness which eventually deprived her of her hearing. Suppose she had been sent to some American school to be taught to speak. Heaven would shed tears of pity in behalf of her unfortunate teacher. A Russian pupil would be easier to teach—fifty-seven varieties of tickles to induce sneezing would send the child back to Russia "finished." And it is easy to sneeze!

The colored preacher had successfully concealed the fact that he had served a term in prison, but long years of upright living had not destroyed his fear of exposure.

One Sunday, on rising to begin his sermon, his heart sank on seeing a former cellmate in one of the front pews.

Quick thinking was necessary. Turning his papers over several times to gain time, he fixed his eyes on the stranger and delivered himself slowly and impressively as follows:

"Ah takes mah text—this mo'nin from de sixty-fo' chapter an' de fo' hundre'th verse of de Gospel ob Saint John which says, 'Dem as sees me an' knows me, an' says nothin' dem will ah see later.'"

✧

HIS SAPIENT UNCLE

Little Jimmie came to Toronto from his northern Ontario home, where colored folks are hardly ever seen. One day when he was out walking with his Uncle Bob, they happened to pass a colored woman, and the following conversation took place:

"Say, Uncle, why did that woman black her face?" said Jimmy.

"Why, she hasn't blacked her face—that's her natural color," said uncle.

"Is she like that all over?" asked Jimmy.

"Why—yes."

"Gosh, uncle, you know everything, don't you?"—*Everybody's*

✧

There was a young woman named Myrtle
Who carried a plate of mock turtle,
But, sad to relate, she slipped with the plate.
And all the mock turtle turned turtle.

✧

A SURE-ENOUGH VACANCY

Chairman (addressing a meeting)—"I am sure we will all be very sorry our secretary is not here to-night. I can not say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face.'"—*Tit-Bits.*

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Who's Little Dear is this? The photograph turned up after it was given up as lost, for over a year. It came from Chicago, so there must be any number of mammas, who can tell who this little mite belongs to.



Hugh Graham, Jr., age 14, Eugene Graham, age 12, and Emily Graham, age 8, sons and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Graham Miller, of Shelby, North Carolina. The mother was Miss Margaret LeGrand before marriage—honor graduate of the N. C. School.



Alice Virginia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Jones, of Chicago, Ill. The father is an architectural draftsman for the Chicago Board of Education. The little girl now is eleven months old.

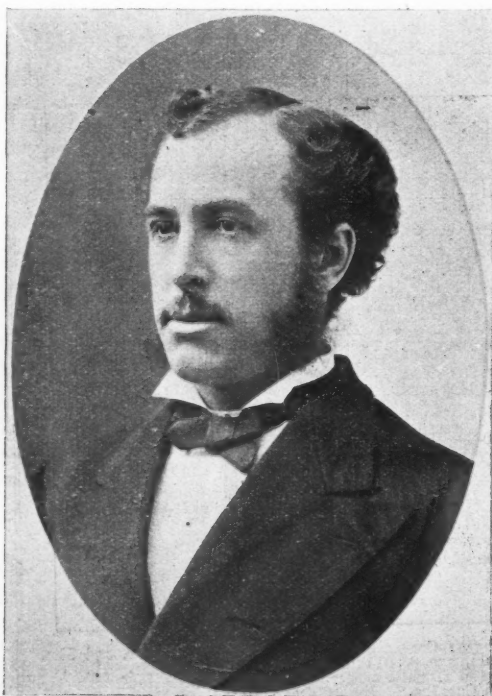


Photo. by Roundtree and Hartung

The above etching shows the stage decorations of the Pas-A-Pas Club Dec. 25, 1921, during its Christmas party.
The decorations were by Mr. Charles Martin (a former St. Paul boy.)

GEORGE W. HALSE.

Mr. George W. Halse, was born on what is now called the Halsedale Farm near Bethel, Ohio, thirty miles southeast of Cincinnati. He was educated at the Ohio State School for the



MR. HALSE AT THE AGE OF 28 YEARS



MR. AND MRS. GEO. W. HALSE AND DAUGHTER HAZEL

Deaf in Columbus, where after graduating, he taught for many years and then secured a similar position in the Salem (Oregon) School.

During his connection with the Ohio School, he took advantage of his leisure hours by taking a regular course in the Capital City Commercial College, which was afterwards consolidated with the Columbus (Ohio) Business College.

His first wife was Adeline, daughter of Squire Harvey Trunkley and Mrs. Ann (Fell) Trunkley. Her education was received in the Ohio State School for the Deaf where she afterwards became a teacher. Her grandfather Trunkley was raised in Lyons, France, and went with Lafayette and helped to fight in the Revolutionary War. She died while visiting in Chicago.

Mr. Halse was united in marriage with Beulah, daughter of Willard Durand Crout and Cordelia (Hodge) Crout. She was in his class at one time.

Her grandmother Crout was a French woman and was one of the first cousins of Lafayette, a famous French Military officer

and statesman. Her grandfather Crout was a major general in the Civil War and was taken sick, dying in the South.

Mrs. Halse was a graduate of the Ohio State School for the Deaf, and after her marriage, she spent seven years in teaching and supervising small boys in the State School for the Deaf at Salem, Oregon, while Mr. Halse was teaching.

Mr. and Mrs. Halse have a daughter, Hazel Durand, who was born in Oregon and is now attending the Columbus (Ohio) School.

In 1909, Mr. Halse with his family returned from Oregon and has since been operating his farm containing 105 acres of land given him by his grandfather Halse who emigrated from England in 1818 and became the owner of some six hundred acres of land.

Mr. and Mrs. Halse enlarged and remodeled their house and have been making improvements on their place from time time. They bought more land to square their farm.

The family are very fond of reading and are examples of happy and devoted members of a well regulated household. They are active members of the Bethel (Ohio) Baptist Church.

Mr. Halse often conducts religious services to the deaf in Cincinnati, Columbus, and other cities. He is licensed to preach and maybe ordained to be a regular Baptist minister in the near future.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL PICNIC OF SOUTHWESTERN OHIO DEAF

The deaf of southwestern Ohio, consisting of Clermont, Brown, Hamilton and Highland counties, held their eleventh annual picnic at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Halse, on Maple pike near Bethel, Monday, July 4th.

The day passed very pleasantly, and in the morning, after the Lord's Prayer, by Miss Hazel D. Halse, the following program was carried out:

"The Star-Spangled Banner"—Mrs. George W. Halse.

"Long Live America"—George W. Halse

"Hurrah for Our Banner"—Mrs. Jennie Vogelhund

"Long Live America"—George W. Halse.

"The Flag"—Mrs. Jesse Goodyear

Then short talks were given by Messrs. Halse and Bacheberle. The guests brought well filled baskets, to the contents of which all did justice. Then followed various games, and prizes were awarded to the winners. Lemonade and ice cream were served to all who were present.

The chief features of the day were the appearance of W. E. Hoy, the famous "Dummy Hoy," as center-fielder, now employed with a Cincinnati M. E. concern, and a newly wedded couple of deaf mutes, of Bethel.

Among those present at the picnic were: Mrs. Petty-

piece, of Winnipeg, Canada; Mr. and Mrs. DeSilver, Mr. and Mrs. Eikens, Mr. and Mrs. Wortman, Miss Ethel Pollard, L. J. Bacheberle, J. Bov, Harry O'Donnell Surber, Mr. and Mrs. Orta Surber and son, Mr. and Mrs. David Surber and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Vogelhund, Mr. and Mrs. George Lance, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Goodyear and two children, Lulu and Mamie Lance and



SOME OF THE JULY 4TH PICNICKERS ON THE
HALSEDALE FARM

From left to right: Mr. Eikens, Mrs. Eikens, Mrs. W. Behymer, Verne Behymer, Walter Behymer, Mrs. Annie Anthoni, L. J. Bacheberle, Miss Ethel Pollard, Mrs. M. J. Anthoni, Mrs. DeSilver, Mr. DeSilver, Mrs. Wortman, Mrs. Pettypiece and Mr. Wortman

Mary Badgley, of Mowrystown, also the pastor of Mowrystown Christian Church, wife and son; Mr. and Mrs. Ed Haslam and son and Homer Craig, of Georgetown; Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell and daughter, of Feesburg; Miss Grace D. Evans, of Ripley; Howard Tatman and Jacob H. Snider, of Hammersville; Mesdames Anna and Mary L. Anthoni, of Amelia; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Behymer and two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Swem, Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Crouch and two children, Miss Stella Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Halse and daughter, Hazel, and Carl and Violet Jones, of Bethel.

The very good picture of the group was taken by the Northern Light Studio, of Bethel.

The first annual picnic was organized by Mr. Halse, at his home, eleven years ago, and was represented by Clermont and Brown counties. Since then, Bethel Georgetown and Sardinia have been the scenes of the annual July Fourth meeting places. The place of holding the next picnic will be decided later.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT

Permit me to say that THE SILENT WORKER in its new form is a great improvement over the old. In fact, just the paper the Deaf have been longing for. The Deaf should now show their appreciation by becoming subscribers. May your efforts to turn out a magazine that will be a credit to the Deaf be crowned with success. More power to your elbow!

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA.

GEO. W. REEVES.



ELEVENTH ANNUAL PICNIC OF SOUTHWESTERN OHIO DEAF HELD AT THE HALSE HOME JULY 4, 1921



WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



O WELL informed a publication as the *Mt. Airy World* has just begun to miss the visits of the *Michigan Mirror*, where that interesting publication has been quietly sleeping to these last three years.

Just the merest mention of the old name thing; a girl pupil in one of the schools for the deaf has to write her autograph: "Jennie Saltoformaggio."

Fortunately for Jennie, marriage will bring her something more commonplace.

The city of New York got the 87th Division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, and the honor of being the first city to have two divisions of that order within its boundaries. The presence of the Grand Secretary of the order, and other visiting officials, and the uniqueness of the event brought it home to me that there was a happening of import to the general public, and sent a brief story to each of the prominent dailies, telling them that if they sent a reporter to the Installation exercises we would furnish a good translator. Because I wanted it to have a thoroughly reliable story, I wrote up an account for my favorite publication, the *Evening Sun*. None of the papers had sent reporters to the meeting, but next day's issue of the *Evening Sun* had my story, though considerably abbreviated. Late in the afternoon, while having the pleasure of acting as escort to Secretary and Mrs. Gibson, and Brother Orlando K. Price, one of the big men of Baltimore Division, to an up town function, I bought four copies of the *Evening Sun*, and after passing three around for the visitors to look over. I started to hunt up the item I furnished the copy for, which I was sure would be in its pages. Sure enough there it was, but I did not show it to the members of my party for the simple reason that some bright *Sun* man had made the caption:

"SUFFERERS OF DEAFNESS FORM A LODGE"

Oh, Ye Gods!

And the *Evening Sun*, of all papers.

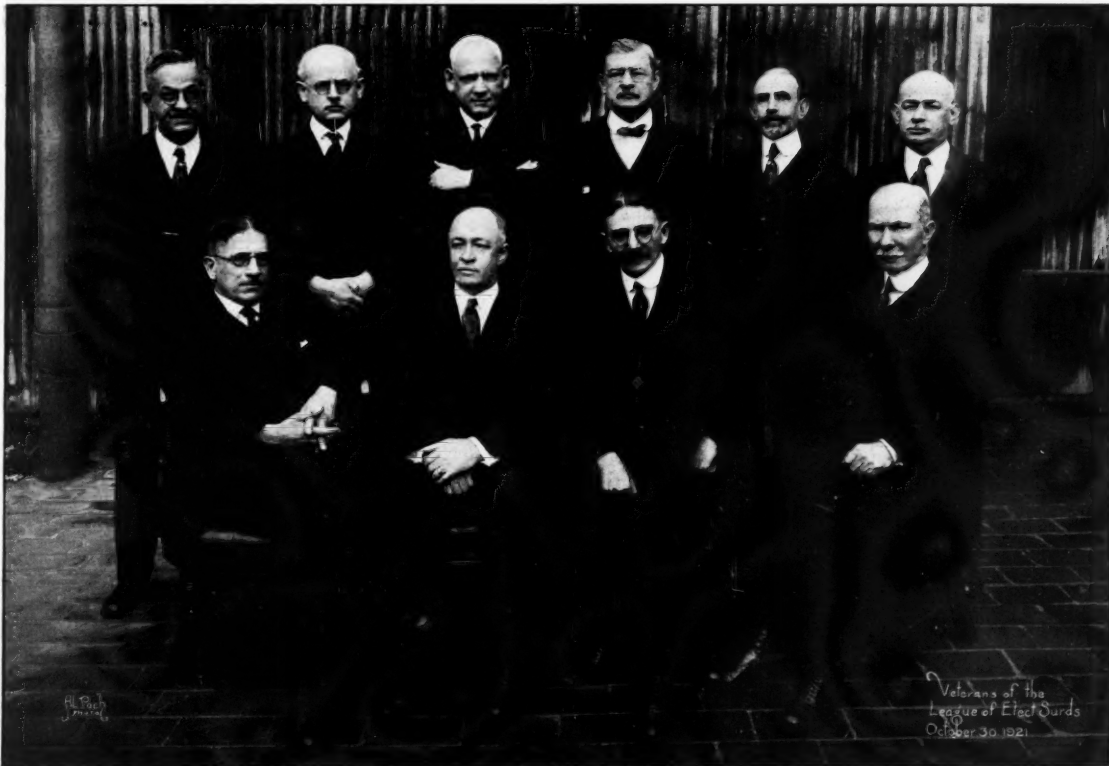
And yet what more natural for outsiders from cub reporters to fool editor (and I am sending a marked copy of this article to the *Sun*) to regard any one's physical handicap in the light of suffering. That's the way with the normal man, and I don't know how many centuries of educational work it is going to require before the world can be educated up to the point that so far as mere deafness is concerned it is not an affliction, and it does not involve suffering and all of the possible headings that might have been given the story I wrote, the one the *Sun* used was in worst possible taste, and a direct, even though unintended affront to all deaf people. The lesson in it is easily discerned. When any of us furnish copy to any publication, a brief note asking that in the treatment of the story, from heading to ending (if any re-writing is deemed necessary) it kindly be taken into consideration that deaf people do not regard their handicap as anything more than an inconvenience, and anything on the "affliction" or "sufferer" order is distinctly

out of place as well as gratuitous. I feel sure this little foresight will bear good results, for editors are human after all.

In a recent issue I quoted, without giving name of offender, a silly story that was published accrediting a lot of absurd statements to a Rabbi working among the deaf. Soon afterward the gentleman wrote me asking who the offender was, and expressing surprise that any clergyman who knew anything of the deaf should make such a statement. I answered telling him that the publication had mentioned his name as the authority, and as he had had no interview with any paper, and none with the offending publication, he tried to get a retraction but the best he could do was to get an apology from them which of course did not undo the harm done.

There are a great many angles on the matter of deaf people driving motorcars. The time and place has much to do with it. Even in crowded cities totally deaf people have driven cars in entire safety both to themselves and the public, but it is often hard to convince normal people of this. Magistrate Cobb, of New York, recently had a traffic law violator in his court and when he found the culprit too deaf to hear his questions took his license away, and told the offender that he was a menace to the community, and if he were caught at the wheel of an automobile again, he would be sent to the penitentiary. Of course the Magistrate did not take into consideration that with the usual safeguards, mirror and all, a deaf driver, depending solely on his eyesight was approximately as safe a man as one who depends on his ears. Of course there are exceptions, and there are times when shouts of warning would fall on deaf ears, and probably be followed by a tragedy, yet drunken, careless and ignorant drivers have wrought all the havoc recorded, and I have yet to learn of any deaf driver being the cause of injury, either to himself or any one else, except in two very bad motor-cycle accidents that caused death on the railroad tracks.

The League of Elect Surds of New York is an unusual organization of the deaf and unique in many ways. There are twelve members, but the twelve have a total of over 400 years service to the organization and to each other. Years ago, they practically closed the doors to new members, because long association and intimacy had bound the membership up in such a way that they considered the best interests of the association could be best conserved by keeping the "Old Guard" intact as far as that is possible. They observe special occasions in a unique manner and have their Banquet celebrations at Guffanti's famous Brighton Beach restaurant, one of the few hostilities that has neither increased its rates nor decreased the plentitude of its viands as a result of Prohibition. The most recent of their jollities was a Lincoln's Eve. Installation dinner at the resort they favor, and any one in attendance will gladly testify that when a real Banquet is desired by an organization of the deaf, there is no place where they will get so much for their money nor better treatment than at Guffanti's.



VETERANS OF THE LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS

A. L. PACH PHOTO.

There was a Convention of "Leagues of the Hard of Hearing," held in Boston last summer. It wasn't a big convention. Only a dozen or so, and they represented different leagues in different cities. To read an account of their meeting; what they said by the way of experience, and what their clubs accomplished for them showed the good that accrues from organizations of this kind, and tells of the comfort of what may be gained from association of people who have a common bond, in a common infirmity, but with it all I have never been able to understand why these people with but a minor handicap should lay so much stress on it, and the totally deaf people with their unmeasurably harder lot, ignore it altogether, and make their aims higher, and far nobler by sinking self and attaining higher aims not to alleviate or minimize their condition, but to arrive at tangible things for the benefit of all their fellow deaf.

The method of communication that the totally deaf use banishes practically all hardship from the state of deafness. Two deaf people, as opposed to each other socially and every other way as are the poles, can find a common ground.

I think the attitude of the totally deaf, and the partially deaf who become affiliated with them is one who enlists an all inspiring and an all consuming effort to help their fellows first and share in the fruits personally, secondarily and as a mere matter of course.

Becoming acquainted with one of the "serve self first" kind not long ago, I asked him if he was a member of the N. F. S. D., and he said he wasn't because he had no time for it. I told him that it required only a minimum of time, but he demurred and told me he had no time to spare, as it took all his leisure time cultivating his own speech, practicing lip-reading and associating with the hearing entirely. I told him it was a matter of each man using his own judgement in the matter, but that the high attainment of the deaf as a class to-day was almost entirely the result of self-sacrificing effort by the deaf

themselves and that the more fortunately situated could well afford to be of worth while utility to their fellow deaf. He took a directly opposite position and said he owed it to himself to cultivate self, or words to that effect. Then he bid me good bye, stepped into his own car, an expensive one, by the way, and drove off.

If all Deaf people hared his narrow, selfish, un-American views we would have no National, National Fraternal, nor State Associations today. If we were all patterned after him, faddists in matters educational would have their own way unhindered, and the condition of the deaf men and women of our land, would be sad to contemplate.

A NEW ATTRACTION

The Hell family has been discovered in the thriving town of Farrell, built by the United States Steel Corporation.

The members of the Hell family are not averse to using their name in a business way. For instance, the head of the family, Conrad Hell, an ice-cream manufacturer, has signs reading, "Go to Hell for ice-cream," scattered throughout the city.

—Inland Printer.

RIGHT O!

This quotation is from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Doctor S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork and said 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'" —*Christian Register*.

FATTED CALF

Mary has a little skirt,
It is too scant by half,—
Who cares for Mary's little lamb
Now they can see her calf?

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers all of whom are deaf.

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Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 34

MARCH

No. 6

Chiropractic

In preparing for the medical profession, a doctor is required to be a graduate of an accredited four year high school, and to have a four year course in some college or university of standing, a three year medical course with an additional two years' practice in a hospital. In addition to this, some doctors spend two years in laboratory work and if they wish to specialize in any particular branch of medicine, a few years more is necessary. It requires a doctor thirteen years to qualify for his profession after finishing the grammar school before he is allowed to practise upon humanity. Specialists often take eighteen for preparation. This preparation costs the doctor a minimum of a thousand dollars a year. From thirteen to eighteen thousand dollars is required in addition to as many of the best years of his life.

Chiropractics have no requirements. They can secure diplomas in six weeks and then charge the same fees that an ordinary doctor receives. Some janitors have taken it up. Chiropractics not only save the thousands of dollars spent in educating a doctor, but they are getting rich during the years the doctor is preparing. When a doctor graduates, he has to begin at that time of life with nothing and he has all the money and time expended on his education to make up and the interest on the same before he is really receiving personal benefits for his work. The profession will not permit the doctors to advertise, but the chiropractics may.

It has been demonstrated time and again that testimonials are of no value. What will help one person will not always help another. Testimonials

can be secured from people who have not been benefited in any way. They are all misleading, and any physician who advertises by publishing testimonials is in the patent medicine class.

Thirteen eminent specialists were picked as a jury to investigate the theory and practice of chiropractic. They reported that "the theory of Chiropractic, like the theories of other cults of this class, although of no scientific interest, is essential to a remunerative vocation. It is essential because it opens wide fields of exploitation, lends an air of mystery to medical procedure and, above all, makes an appeal to the speculative instinct of the invalid, to take a chance in the medical lottery, however remote may seem the prospect of success."

The Chiropractics have made a specialty of curing deafness. If they could do what they say, we would have deaf children to teach, but unfortunately they do extend hope to parents that they can restore the hearing of their children and succeed in taking the children out of school and getting money from the parents. It is doubtful if there is a record of any case where a deaf child, taken from one of our institutions, has been cured or even benefitted.

Amusements

Sports and amusements are a very necessary part of American life. Both suffered in the eyes of the public because of a few notorious people of ill repute who have been prominent in them. It became necessary for Judge Landis to take the management of baseball in order to purify it in the eyes of the public. It has also become necessary for the moving picture interests to secure the services of the Postmaster General, William Hayes to cleanse that industry. The management of both sports and amusements is responsible for public distrust because they attempted to defend notorious characters industry has become so bad that it has been necessary to pass prohibitive laws, laws of censorship. As these did not produce the anticipated results, public boycott was a necessary resort to bring the managers to their senses.

Bucket Shops

From time to time the Silent Worker has published editorials cautioning the deaf about their investments. It is very easy for crooks to promise great returns in order to get easy cash. The New York Herald's recent exposure of bucket-shop methods has aroused the public throughout the country. Many of these shops were selling stocks and bonds to the public supposedly on a margin. They never purchased any stocks or bonds. If a person sold

his stocks or bonds they simply paid him out of the money they received from other customers. Many of these questionable stockbrokers have gone into bankruptcy. Millions of dollars have been lost by the public; some estimate the amount to run into billions. These sellers of wildcat securities have not overlooked the deaf. The Silent Worker receives many letters stating that the deaf have purchased questionable securities and in some cases the state authorities have taken it up and are now looking for those who sold such stocks.

The Silent Worker will repeat the advice often given which is to the effect that before making an investment, ask your banker how much money he will loan you on the stock you wish to buy. If he will make no loans on the stock, you know it is a gamble and that you will most likely lose your money. Remember, the best investment for the deaf is Liberty Bonds and Saving Stamps.

A Strong Resolution

At the close of the toasts given by the Ohio Alumni in commemoration of Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet on his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary, Dr. Robert Patterson, the Nestor of the Collegiates, presented the following resolution to be sent as a telegram to Dr. Percival Hall, President of Gallaudet College, and copies of which were to be sent to the Ohio Chronicle, The Buff and Blue, the New York Journal, and the Silent Worker for publication; and moved its adoption:

"Dr. Percival Hall,
President, Gallaudet College,
Washington, D. C.

Upon this eighty-fifth birthday anniversary of Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet, we, the Ohio Alumni and Alumnae of Gallaudet College assembled in his honor, wish to pledge our loyal allegiance to the College which he founded, to its present president and faculty, and also to the perpetuation of the "Combined System" of which Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet was the great Champion.

We also wish to pledge our loyal allegiance to the language of signs, the natural language of the deaf, and to affirm that it should have a recognized and honorable place in every School for the Deaf."

"Remember Denver 1927"

The above slogan was heralded at the Atlanta N. F. S. D. Convention by Delegate Homer E. Grace, on behalf of Denver Division No. 64, by giving away Jumbo pencils 7¾ inches long and nearly ½ inch in diameter with rubber tips, bearing the following advertisement thereon:

"Remember Denver 1927—With Compliments of Denver Division No. 64"

This is an invitation to the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf to meet in Denver in 1927.

It is impossible for us to go from division to division, preaching the gospel of merits of Denver for the 1927 Convention. That is why we publish here—to tell the story of our invitation and the service we are prepared to render in the interest of the N. F. S. D. in 1927.

Consider this a public invitation to come to Denver in 1927. If you have not got one of those Jumbo pencils, get in touch with us, address "Remember Denver 1927," 1096 S. Washington St., Denver, Colo., and one will be mailed you immediately without charge. In introducing Denver Division to the readers, let us first enlighten you that in all deaf freedom Denver is the highest division—its altitude is one mile above the sea level and that it is the division of novelties and "art preservative."

Denver is the metropolis of the Rocky Mountain region and has a population of approximately 257,000. It is considered one of the most substantially-built cities in America. It has the reputation of being the best lighted and best cared for city in the world. Denver enjoys the service of eighteen railroads which makes it accessible from any section of the country. Its position gives it prestige as a distributing point, and it is considered the commercial as well as the educational center of the Mountain States.



THE CITY OF DENVER

Located as it is, at the base of the great Rockies, it is protected from the cold blasts of the winter and the heat waves of summer.

Many of these towering peaks reach an altitude of nearly 14,000 feet. Denver itself is one mile above sea level, which means refreshing nights throughout the summer and the cool mountain breezes are quite noticeable and extremely invigorating. Half an hour's ride by train, trolley or auto, brings you to the beautiful mountain parks frequented by thousands of citizens and tourists for the purpose of enjoying a day at picnicking and climbing.

Its congenial climate; its proximity to the mountains with their countless scenic beauties and wonders; its location and the readiness with which suitable enjoyment may be found for one and all unites to make Denver an ideal place to hold a N. F. S. D. Convention—so remember Denver 1927.

PUBLICITY AND PROPAGANDA COMMITTEE.
Denver Division No. 64.

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1880. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

OFFICERS

JAMES H. CLOUD, *President.*
Principal Gallaudet School, St. Louis, Mo.

JAMES W. HOWSON, *First Vice-President.*
Instructor School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Calif.

CLOA G. LAMSON, *Second Vice-President.*
Teacher School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio.



ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *Secretary and Treasurer.*
206 East 55th St., Chicago, Ill.

OLOF HANSON, *Board Member.*
Architect, Seattle, Washington.

JOHN H. McFARLANE, *Board Member.*
Teacher School for the Deaf, Talladega, Ala.

ALEX. L. PACH, *Board Member.*
Photographer, New York City, N. Y.

OBJECTS

- To educate the public as to the Deaf;
- To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf;
- To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
- To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
- To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
- To co-operate in the improvement, development, and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;
- To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
- To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil,—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
- To raise an endowment fund, the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;
- To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De l'Epee,—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

MEMBERSHIP

Regular Members: Deaf citizens of the United States;
Associate Members: Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

FEES AND DUES

Initiation fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50c. Life membership, \$10 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.

Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.

Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

Branches of the N. A. D.

The following is a list of branches and organizations affiliated with the National Association:

California State Association,
Illinois State Association,
Indiana State Association,
Georgia State Association,
New Jersey State Association,
New York Branch,
Duluth Branch,
Columbus Branch,
Chicago Branch,
Los Angeles Branch,
Detroit Branch,
Atlanta Branch,
Trenton Branch,
Hudson County Branch.

We believe the Branch idea, if developed to its full

possibilities, would make the National Association membership much more stable than it is, and it would relieve the national officers of much detail work, such as collecting dues, making announcements, and in the general administration of the affairs of the Association. However, under the present arrangement, many of the branches are not in close touch with the Association. This condition would be remedied to some extent if all Branches kept the National officers informed of their activities, and took pains to file a complete list of officers with the National Secretary.

Dues

If you have not yet paid your dues to June 1, 1922, please assist the Secretary-treasurer in the work of keeping all memberships up-to-date by sending in the necessary amount to

206 E. 55th St., Chicago, Ill. A. L. ROBERTS,
Secretary-treasurer.

Life Membership and the Silent Worker

Queries have been addressed the Secretary regarding Life Membership and subscriptions to the **Worker**.

The Life Membership fee is now Ten Dollars. If those becoming Life Members so desire, they may add \$1.50 to the \$10.00 Life fee, making \$11.50 in all, and upon receipt of this amount, the sender will be enrolled as a Life Member, and will receive the **Silent Worker** for a year at the reduced rate.

ARE YOU A LIFE MEMBER? IF NOT, YOU SHOULD MAKE YOUR CONNECTION WITH THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION PERMANENT BY BECOMING ONE.

Program Committee, Atlanta Convention

J. H. Cloud, Ex-Officio Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
J. H. McFarlane, Chairman, Box 168, Talladega, Alabama.
Mrs. C. L. Jackson, 28 Wellborn Street, Atlanta, Ga.
H. L. Tracy, School for the Deaf, Jackson, Miss.
Mrs. Josephine T. Stewart, 408 West Court Street, Flint, Mich.
Isaac Goldberg, 558 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Sylvia C. Balis, 73 Highland Avenue, Belleville, Ontario, Can.
M. J. Matheis, 1422 North Coronado Terrace, Los Angeles, Calif.

Detroit Branch Emerges

Following the stupendous labor of arranging for the record breaking Detroit convention in the summer of 1920, the Branch up there was so weary and worn that it temporarily lapsed from activity and took a much needed rest.

It seems now to have recuperated sufficiently to take an interest in life once more, and has reorganized with a bang—with a board of officers that recalls the glorious days of the convention and the preparation therefor, a board that will without doubt keep Detroit and its Branch right up in the front rank:

President: Thomas J. Kenney,
Vice-President: Ralph Adams,
Secretary: Robert V. Jones,
Treasurer: Peter N. Hellers,
Trustees: John J. Hellers, chairman
T. E. Ryan,
Maurice Pernick.

Revised List of State Organizers

Alabama: H. McP. Hofsteater 211 Park Avenue, Talladega.
Arkansas: J. H. Eddy, School for the Deaf, Little Rock.
California: (North) Mrs. Walter Lester, 2010 Bancroft Way, Berkeley. (South) M. J. Matheis, 1422 N. Coronado Terrace, Los Angeles.
Colorado: Emmett W. Simpson, Springfield.
Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island: J. Stanley Light, Portsmouth, N. H.
Delaware and New Jersey: G. S. Porter, 405 Ardmore Ave., Trenton, N. J.
District of Columbia: W. E. Marshall, 405th St., Washington, D. C.
Florida: O. W. Underhill, School for the Deaf, St. Augustine.
Georgia and South Carolina: Mrs. C. L. Jackson, 28 Welborn Street, Atlanta, Ga.
Idaho: John Kessler, Laramie.
Illinois: Cook County, John E. Purdum, care Pas-A-Pas Club, 61 Monroe Street, Chicago. North: Rev. Dr. P. J. Hasentab, 5340 Ellis Ave., Chicago. South: A. J. Rodenberger, 514a North 19th St., E. St. Louis.
Iowa: Matthew McCook, Riceville.
Kansas: Edward H. McIlvain, Box 212, Olathe.
Kentucky: Edgar McV. Hay, 1404 Scott Avenue, Covington.
Louisiana and Mississippi: Rev. H. L. Tracy, Jackson, Miss.
Maryland: Rev. D. E. Moylan, Ijamsville.
Michigan: James M. Stewart, 408 West Court Street, Flint.
Minnesota: Victor R. Spence, Box 73, Faribault.
Missouri: Peter T. Hughes, 610 Bluff Street, Fulton.
Montana: Mrs. P. H. Brown, Boulder.
Nebraska: Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship, School for the Deaf, Omaha.
Nevada: Harold McNeilly, 641 Nevada Street, Reno.
New Mexico: J. B. Bumgardner, Box 41, Santa Fe.
New York: Marcus L. Kenner, 200 West 111 Street, New York City.
North Carolina: Thomas Meyers, care McLaren Rubber Co., Charlotte.
North Dakota: Thomas L. Sheridan, 1301 Kitson Ave., Devils Lake.
Ohio: Rev. C. W. Charles, 472 South Ohio Avenue, Columbus.

Oklahoma: Miss Yetta Baggerman, School for the Deaf, Sulphur.
Oregon: J. O. Reichle, 900 E. 6th St., Portland.
Pennsylvania: (East,) H. E. Stevens, Box 81, Merchantville, N. J., (West,) Frank R. Gray, 3 University Ave., Pittsburgh.
Tennessee: Thomas S. Marr, Stahlman Building, Nashville.
Texas: J. Amos Todd, School for the Deaf, Austin.
Utah: Paul Mark, 2240 Adams Ave., Ogden.
Vermont: Albert S. Heyer, 16 Cliff Street, St. Johnsbury.
Virginia: W. C. Ritter, Newport News.
Washington: N. Carlson Garrison, Box 23, Camano.
West Virginia: C. D. Seaton, School for the Deaf, Romney.
Wisconsin: Thomas Hagerty, School for the Deaf, Delavan.

New Members N. A. D.

If you are a recent member and your name does not appear herein, it will in good time. If you are not a member, give us the honor of enrolling you.

Thomas Jordan, Ga.	Lawrence Timer, N. Y.
Sylvan Riley, N. Y.	Jennie Henry, N. Y.
Barney Greene, N. Y.	Herman Glazier, N. Y.
H. R. Henning, Md.	W. H. Freeman, Ga.
Patrick Connolly, Penna.	Edward Reese, Penna.
Mrs. Tom Myers, N. C.	Mrs. Dewey Surratt, N. C.
Michael Bonatelli, N. J.	Louisa Miller, N. J.
Robert C. Harth, N. J.	A. V. W. Ross, N. J.
Jacob Herbst, N. J.	Mrs. Jacob Herbst, N. J.
Mrs. Carl Droste, N. J.	L. B. Wenzel, N. J.
Anthony Groundy, N. J.	Mrs. A. Groundy, N. J.
Wainwright Pearsall, N. J.	Mrs. Mollie Kearny, N. J.
Wm. J. Smith, Penna.	Tracy Learn, Penna.
H. McP. Hofsteater, Ala.	Bernard Priebe, Ala.
J. F. Brocato, Ala.	L. R. Canoles, Ala.
E. M. Sutter, Ala.	R. C. McElvina, Ala.
Eugene Bradley, Ala.	Fred Wilson, Penna.
B. F. Grissom, N. M.	Sadie Belyea, N. B., Canada.
Mrs. Herbert Smoak, S. C.	I. N. Murdock, Ga.
Sallie H. Hoy, S. C.	Annie L. Dwight, S. C.
Mrs. Eliz. Callahan, Pa.	Iphigenia L. Estill, S. C.
I. H. Marchman, Ga.	Mrs. H. A. Watts, Ga.
Edith Miller, Ala.	Mrs. J. G. Chunn, Ala.
Mrs. J. Brocato, Ala.	Geo. M. Hill, Ala.
Floyd Hutchinson, N. Y.	Zillah Hawkins, Ga.

Impostors

In the present state of unemployment over the country, the impostor seems to have come back in all his old time form. Reports from several sections of the country confirm this. Our impostor Bureau is preparing for a busy season and proposes to give these begging gentlemen a run for their money.

Out in Los Angeles, the restless M. J. Matheis has been hot on the trail of impostors who seem to have been reaping a fat living in that locality. He put the police authorities wise to the game, and secured space in the Los Angeles papers to warn the public against the pseudo-deaf men. According to last accounts, the entire police department was awake to the situation, and we'll bet that before Melville gets through with the slick gentry, they won't be able to wheedle a plugged nickel out of the Los Angeles public.

And while we are about it, it would be well to take notice of sundry gentlemen who are deaf, and who, we are

sorry to say, play upon the sympathy of the public to the extent of getting money in return for things of little if any value—the peddlers of alphabet cards and the like. These fellows hurt the self-respecting deaf just as much, if not more than the impostors. Let's clean house while we are about it.

Fourteenth Triennial Convention, Atlanta, August 13-18, 1923.

President Cloud has made his selections for the local committee in charge of arrangements for the Atlanta convention in the summer of 1923. This is a strong committee, and believing that the entire South is interested in the success of the coming convention, the President has selected associate members from twelve Southern states, who will assist the active members in promoting the convention:

ACTIVE

J. H. Cloud, Ex-Officio Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
L. B. Dickerson, Chairman, 148 Richardson Street, Atlanta.
Ross A. Johnson, Vice-Chairman, 63 North Pryor Street, Atlanta.
Mrs. C. L. Jackson, Secretary, 28 Wellborn Street, Atlanta.
Rev. S. M. Freeman, Treasurer, 102 Greenwood Place, Decatur, Ga.
W. A. Willingham, 309 South Boulevard, Atlanta.
Mrs. J. G. Bishop, 536 Spring Street, Atlanta.
Mrs. J. H. McFarlane, Talladega, Alabama.
Fred J. Hart, 137 West Broad Street, Savannah, Ga.
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gholdston, 429 Euclid Ave., Atlanta.
William R. Jones, Lithonia, Ga.
Mrs. M. M. Simmons, 102 Greenwood Place, Decatur, Ga.
Herbert H. Williams, 196 South Avenue, Atlanta.
Mrs. H. A. Watts, 28 Wellborn Street, Atlanta.

ASSOCIATE

Alabama: C. J. Daughdrill, 17 Old Shell Road, Mobile; H. McP. Hofsteter, 211 Park Avenue, Talladega.
Arkansas: Alpha W. Patterson and Sidney W. King, School for the Deaf, Little Rock.
Florida: O. W. Underhill, School for the Deaf; Frank E. Philpott, 23 Hospital Street, St. Augustine.
Kentucky: E. McV. Hay, 1404 Scott Street, Covington; G. Gordon Kannapell, 4304 W. Chestnut St., Louisville.
Louisiana: G. G. Barnham, Box 903, Monroe; Miss Margaret Hauberg, School for the Deaf, Baton Rouge.
Maryland: Wm. P. Duvall, Jr., Baltimore; H. J. Stegemerten, School for the Blind, Overlea.
Mississippi: Elmer V. Peters, 133 Longino St., Jackson.
North Carolina: Robert C. Miller, School for the Deaf, Morganton; C. E. Jones, 309 Third Street, Gastonia.
South Carolina: Herbert R. Smoak, Union; Miss Annie L. Dwight, Wedgfield.
Tennessee: Thomas S. Marr, Stahlman Building, Nashville; William Chambers, School for the Deaf, Knoxville.
Texas: Tilden Smith, 620 Novelty Street, Waco; J. Amos Todd, School for the Deaf, Austin.
Virginia: W. C. Ritter, School for the Deaf, Newport News; Arthur G. Tucker, 2213 Stewart Avenue, Richmond.
At Large: Rev. H. L. Tracy, School for the Deaf, Jackson, Miss.; Rev. J. W. Michaels, Fort Smith, Ark.; J. W. McCandless, School for the Deaf, Jackson, Miss.; J. H. Eddy, School for the Deaf, Little Rock, Ark.; J. M. Robertson, Route No. 4, Raleigh, N. C.

The Executive Board of the Atlanta Convention is composed of the Officers of the Local Committee on the active membership list. The Associate Members of the Local Committee will co-operate with the Local Committee at Atlanta and with State Organizers in the Southern section in stimulating interest in the N. A. D., in increasing the membership list, and in every way possible bringing about a large attendance at the convention.



PICNICKERS AT COLLEGE PARK, GA., NINE MILES FROM ATLANTA
Standing, from left to right: Mr. Hoge, Miss Mary Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. Norris, Mr. W. S. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Christian, Mr. Ross Johnson, Mr. Wade. Second row: Mr. Whitely, Miss Mattie Johnson, Mr. Brannon, Mr. Chunn, Miss Nellie Dickinson, Mr. Ottis Matson, Miss Annie Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Harry Walker.

ATHLETICS

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this Department)

Edited by F. A. MOORE

"BIG SIX" RASMUSSEN---By Gosh



HO the dickens is that giant towering over the ump over there?"
 "Big Six Rass."
 "Big Six, what?"
 "Big Six Rass-muss-em."

"Rass-muss-em?"

"Yes, he always rass-musses-em up."

"The devil, does he? But who's he?"

"I beg your pardon, I thought everybody knew him. Well, he is "Big Six" Arthur Seigrid Rasmussen of the Iowa corn-hog bottoms, ex-Gallaudet star pitcher, ex-near-American League pitcher, ex, ex, ex, oh well, an "ex" of most everything. That's him, is that enough?"

"Thank you, but why that pantomime with the ump?"

"That? Why, the ump just called one of Mussen's strikes a ball, and now he is giving the ump one of his cold stares. Those stares usually take 60 seconds or so to become effective."

"Gosh, I wouldn't care to be the ump! His size is enough without any staring."

The umpire is now a shivering bundle of cold-sweated flesh and bone. Rassy notices this and whirls around and whiffs the ball to the catcher. It goes two feet wide of the plate. Again Rassy turns and leans his towering self over the ump.

"Streek thureee, yure out!," yells the ump to the batter.

"Rotten!" this from the opponent's section, but the majority of the fans catch on, and a roar of laughter rents the grandstand roof.

"I see now why he is called "Big Six", laughs the first fan.

And so it is, for he is a tower of six feet, and more, of bone and muscle with a five-foot right arm. To him the baseball is a marble.

Back in 1912 when Lefty Left Marshall and Moore were red-hot rivals for the pitcher's position on the Gallaudet nine, "Big Six" came along. His appearance necessitated a secret conference between Marshall and Moore. Marshall decided to take up the position of first-base. Moore joined the track team.

And in that year and the next three years Gallaudet enjoyed one of her best baseball periods.

Arthur S. Rasmussen, better known as "Big Six Rass-muss-em," was brought up in Iowa where corn-bred porkers grow to immense sizes—and so did Rassy. He and his brother Elmer learned "pitching" pitching hay and alfalfa. To secure accuracy and control they resorted to throwing apples at the chickens. Rassy invariably killed the greatest number.

So skilled did they become in this business of knocking chicken heads off that they were signed up by a bunch of country rubes, and so Rassy was started on his pitching career, which eventually led up to his becoming one of the greatest moundsmen in the history of Gallaudet.

At college he and his battery mate, "Chief" Rendall, were the mainstays of the baseball team for four years. His strike-out record, with an average of about 11 per game, still stands. He

pitched one no-hit game. This was against Loyola College. The score was 7 to 0. In 1915, with him pitching, Gallaudet was the only college team to beat Washington College which had previously defeated the University of Pennsylvania. The score was 6 to 5. Rassy struck out 12 men.

Manager Griffith of the Washington Nationals, picked him up and gave him a tryout with his team. But just then he was the victim of a severe case of tonsillitis, and so his big-league career was ru-



ARTHUR S. RASMUSSEN

ined. Shoving his B.A. sheepskin into his hip-pocket upon his graduation in 1916, he betook himself to Akron where three years later he pitched the Silents up into the finals of the National Federation Baseball League. The Silents met and defeated all the championship teams of the Country except the last one, and losing this only by one run. The score was 3 to 2.

In college he also played as tackle on the famous 1913 and 1914 football teams. He also was varsity center on the basketball team for several seasons.

Today he is married and is the proud possessor of a very beautiful bungalow over in town.

THE TEST OF CULTURE OF A COACH IS FRIENDLY ATTITUDE

The other day we suggested to an artist that his design would be much improved with a very slight modification. This he resented, retaliating by questioning our familiarity with art, and came back to us with the query as to how we would take it if he, the artist, suggested that we make a minor change in our football team. This, we said, we would gladly do, providing we thought it would improve the team. And we also said that we had time and again received valuable suggestions from people who had never seen a football. Here we also remarked that a real coach never resented suggestions.

Now is it necessary to be versed or skilled in an art or science, such as coaching for instance, to be cultured? This is a question that comes up quite frequently. We take the stand that a person need not be able to play a musical instrument to be a musician, or to paint a picture to be an artist, nor is it necessary to be a star player on the team to be a coach. We believe the individual attitude toward an art or science is the test of culture. It is not necessary to be able to compose like Shakespeare, or Dr. Hotchkiss, our beloved professor of Literature at Gallaudet, nor McFarlane, our poet laureate, to appreciate their writings.

We believe this to be a reasonable conclusion.

What have you high-brows to say?

MID-WEST INTER-SCHOLASTIC GAMES

It is seldom indeed that a superintendent announces editorially the value of athletics to his school. Supt. Stevenson of the Kansas School is the first to do so, we believe. Such is very commendable, for by so doing athletics is given a much deserved boost. We hope other superintendents will follow his example.

In his editorial Supt. Stevenson states that he hopes there can be more inter-scholastic games between the schools for the deaf located in the Middle-West. In this he is ardently backed up by Dr. Long in the Hawkeye, Mr. Foltz in the Oklahoman, and Mr. Farquhar in the Missouri Record.

We realize the value of such games and, though we do not dwell in their section of the country, we wish their enterprise the best of success.

THE DRAMATIC MOMENT

Gallaudet is playing the Norfolk Blues at Norfolk.

The score is 7 to 6 in favor of the Blues.

Only three minutes is left to play.

A "gale" is blowing across the field.

The Blues punt.

The ball soars high and takes a nasty curve because of the gale.

The Gallaudet quarterback fumbles the punt.

The ball bounds down the field with the quarterback after it.

He falls on it just one yard from the goal line.

This is very discouraging and humiliating to the quarterback.

But in spite of this he gets up with a grin and gives a signal.

The signal calls for the quarterback himself to circle right-er-d.

Now because of the fumble the players' faith in the quarterback has wavered for the moment.

Also, the ball being on the one yard line, reason should demand that it be kicked out of danger.

The quarterback might be tackled behind the goal line.

Thus giving the Blues a safety.

The players protest to the captain.

The captain protests to the quarterback.

But the quarterback insists.

He knows the risk but feels assured of success because of the unexpectedness.

That is he knows the Blues are expecting a punt.

The captain gives in.

The ball is snapped and around right-end circles the quarterback.

He is making a supreme effort to atone for the fumble.

He straight-arms, dodges, and evades tackler after tackler.

He is finally downed after covering 75 yards.

The Blues are stunned.

Quickly a forward pass trick is called.

The Gallaudet players jump into formation.

The ball is thrown.

It lands into the arms of a Gallaudet man.

Half a dozen Blues jump on him.

But he staggers across the goal line.

Time is up.

Gallaudet wins.

The score is 13 to 7.

The crowd up to this time has been tame.

It now goes wild and rushes on the field.

The Gallaudet players are fondled, hugged, patted on the back, and borne off the field to their waiting busses.

Next day one-inch headlines announce the "Dummies" victory.

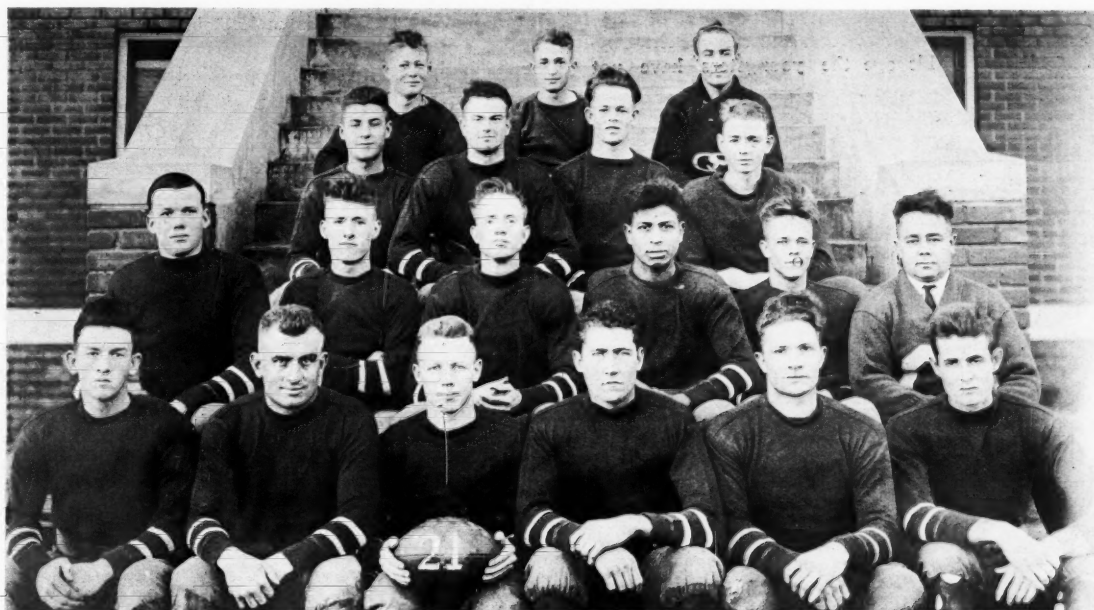
Why?

All just because the quarterback took a chance at the critical moment.

O. S. D. CLAIMS STATE INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP

For the first time in its history, the Oklahoma School for the Deaf lays claim to the interscholastic football championship of the state. Of course, there are half a dozen other teams claiming this honor by virtue of coming through the season with creditable records. Any one in Sulphur will tell you that our team this year could defeat any other team in the state. Cashier White, of the Bank of Commerce, was so confident that we could do so, that, with the consent and knowledge of Coach Foltz, he wrote to the management of the Oklahoma City High School asking for a game to be played between the two teams at Sulphur and for the Oklahoma City management to name the terms under which they would come. Their coach wrote back that they were to play no post season games. But a week after the season closed, they turned around and played the Enid High School.

It is therefore with pleasure that we present below a record of the 1921 foot ball team. Last fall, at the opening of the school, the team was minus the services of three stars, Calame, Damron and Metheny, the first two having entered Gallaudet College while the latter did not return to school. Things did not appear a bit encouraging.



THE OKLAHOMA FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row, left to right: Brady, r.h.b.; Harms, r.g. and half; Scott, Capt., q.b.; Schlock, f.b.; Harrel, l.h.b.; Watt, l.t. Second Row, left to right: Allen, r.g.; Cal'e, r.t.; Adams, g. and c.; Deer, l.g.; Irby, l.e.; Foltz, coach. Third Row, left to right: Aiken, r.e.; Hill, c.; Cargal, sub.; Smith, sub. Fourth Row, left to right: McClary, sub.; Whitworth, sub.; Aycock, sub.

However, the boys buckled down to hard work and, with grim determination, turned out the best eleven that ever represented O. S. D.

Our first game with the heavy Headquarters Battery, 160 Field Artillery team at Roff, played exactly one week after school opened turned out just as we anticipated—a defeat. This game showed us our weak points, which were soon corrected and thereafter it was victory after victory. Later in the season we played this same team and swamped them to the tune of 70 to 0.

As the record will show, we won nine games out of ten, and are, of course, proud of the team and trust that next year's team will turn out as good a record as did the team this year.

O. S. D.		Oppon.
0	160 Field Artillery	28
65	Kingston High	7
40	Sulphur H. S.	0
42	Sulphur H. S.	0
12	Tishomingo A. & M.	9
74	Wynnewood H. S.	0
70	160th Field Artillery	0
20	Purcell H. S.	7
323		51

—The Oklahoman.

KANSAS FOOTBALL

The Kansas School for the Deaf has been a staunch advocate and supporter of football since 1899. Mr. Paul Hubbard, a former Gallaudet man, organized it and coached the teams for several years. He made good and won nine out of the total games played under his coaching. The game his team lost was against the Gardner Athletics. They outweighed us 40 pounds to the man.

Mr. Hubbard continued coaching till 1908 when Mr. Odie Underhill came in and coached for one year.

Then Dummy Taylor took it up and has been coaching since 1909. He is in charge of all athletics. His team won the eastern and western Intercollegiate Freshman Championship in 1914 and 1915.

The famous "Big Three," Foltz, Moore and Decker, who

were on the famous 1913 and 1914 teams of Gallaudet College, came from this school. Moore and Foltz have been following athletics since they were graduated. Moore is teaching and coaching at Trenton, N. J. Foltz is teaching school and also is in charge of the athletics at Sulphur, Okla. He developed one of the best teams at that school and beat every team they played against last fall.

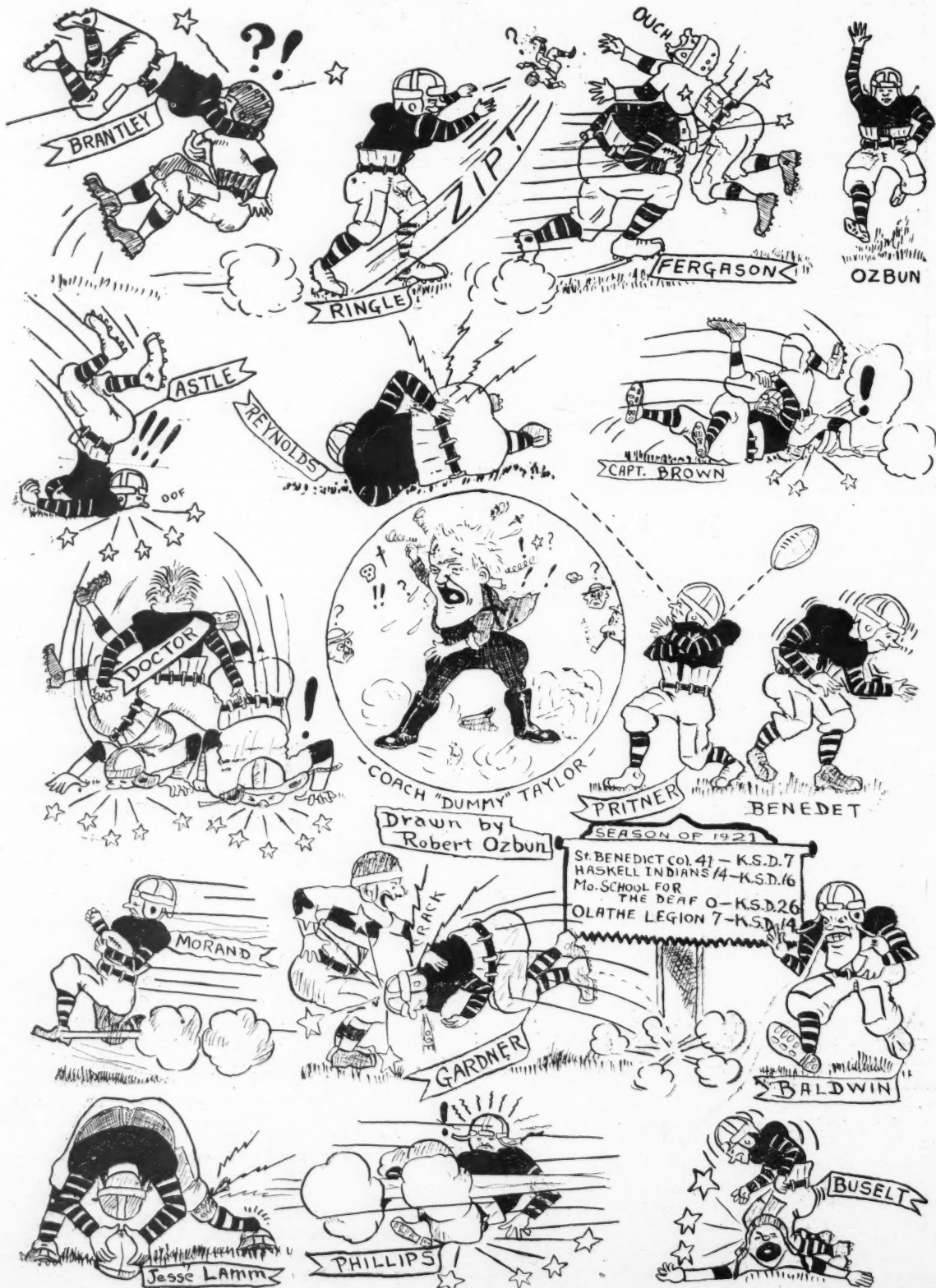
The beginning of the 1921 football season found Coach Taylor with a handful of raw material with which he was to develop a line smashing and goal scoring combination. Graduation had depleted to a great extent the football ranks; to be exact there were only two players remaining from the previous year. Naturally, with conditions like these, Coach Taylor was "down in the mouth," with a none too bright future for his aggregation. Nevertheless, with constant training, expert and skillful training, Taylor succeeded on building up a machine of speed. All the boys were bright and naturally everything depended on the speed of each man. It was a rather hopeless task turned into a pleasant and rewarded undertaking. The 1921 football team ranked with the best that has been developed in some time. It was one of the lightest teams in the history of the school, but it held its own with many of the College Freshman teams throughout the state. The only game it lost was to St. Benedict's College. This was due to lack of experience as it was the first game of the season. But during the last half it held them even. The winning games were against the Haskell Indians, the Olathe Legion and the Missouri School for the Deaf. Coach Birck had a good team at Fulton, Mo., but the Kansas boys were too much for them. Kansas had to cancel several important games on account of epidemics. That is why they played so few games. They are trying to schedule football games with Iowa and Nebraska for next fall. The Missouri School plays in Olathe Nov. 18; next fall. It should be a good game and this will be the third annual game. Kansas has won both the first and second games.

Taylor umpired baseball all last year at Topeka and made good. He has been wanted there again for this year. But he has not decided as yet to accept or not. He rather

THE SILENT WORKER

likes to play baseball. He is past 45 years old and in Olathe he was with a salaried team and refused the Captaincy. Considering his age the youngsters have not

shown him up yet. It is understood that Osawatomie, one of the best independent teams, wants him to catch for them this season.
A. KANSASAN.



One Man's Views on Heredity

EDITOR SILENT WORKER:

Through a deaf friend of mine I was able to read a few copies of your magazines. It was the first magazine about the "Deaf" that I ever read except the *Mt. Airy World* of Philadelphia. I want to congratulate you for doing such a service and to put it in the same class with other well published periodicals. I was rather amazed at its stories and their quality. It is like finding something that had never existed.

What I am after, I will proceed to say now. We all are interested about the "Deaf," and as we grow older we want to know the advantages and disadvantages of certain Deaf in matrimony. Now, I have read of the different theories and also superstitions of certain things that will cause another thing. Dr. Bell, both in theories and advices, as may be said, is generally right. I have read Darwin's theories about breeding cattle, its advantages and disadvantages; his main purpose was to get a better cattle so as to supply the table with better meat and better milk. His theories, in most cases, prove that he was right. It is today still practiced among the more scientific farmers. Dr. Bell was trying to prove that a certain kind of "Deaf" will always have deaf offspring with them, giving reasons for it.

I know that black and black together will always have black, no matter how many, while green and green will always have green. But if black and green go together their subjects will be dark green as long as they are together. If a dark green and green are together the subjects will be dark green but more of green than black. This dark green going with another green will have less black, in their subjects as long as the black subject is kept away till finally it will be all green again. This will not happen in 100 years, for it will take maybe ten times as many years to lose the black trait or heredity as it is called. Every now and then some thing extraordinary will turn up, for environment, food, water, air, etc., has all some thing to do with this change.

Sometimes hearing parents will have a child who becomes deaf through the carelessness of the parents, the doctor, or nurse. Such a person like that may meet another of the same case and consequently all children can hear. Cases like this are rare. It may be more likely that "born deaf" parents are not telling the truth when they say they are "born deaf." If there are one or two in a family in one generation you can be sure it was due to some carelessness. Of course, parents must not be relatives.

It is not my intention to say that all deaf should not marry. It is only that I think if a deaf person knows, or has the fundamental points of this subject, he or she can decide whether it will be well to do so or not. It is far better that the parents take the suffering than have their children go through life handicapped with their hearing. It will be hard for many to do it, for it is a big obstacle to get over with. Too big of a temptation; as may be said, to let alone. The instinct that we all have is too strong. Generally, after some years of marriage it is then that things begin to turn. It may be because their versions before marriage did not turn out as they thought. Happily are those who are meeting life's daily grind. But is there anyone who has not given some forethought and has gone to the limit to find if they will be happy and contented after marriage? Let love choose the way and if both are true to themselves nothing will be able to part them or cause sorrow, whether they are deaf or not. It is a wise parent who know themselves well.

If we could get statistics from the last census about the "Deaf" showing how many born deaf have hearing children and the amount most of them earn, it will teach us something. I learned farming and I finally believed that is one of the best vocations a deaf man can have that will make him independent, but such a person must be well educated and have

good judgment, for they will fail as in anything else. Of course, there are deaf who are their own "boss" in other occupations. Such a deaf did not have the "easy-road to their success; they had worked hard, did get up many times after they were knocked down. Such a constitution as that always wins.

I will do anything to help, but I am one of those who seldom associate with the deaf. In the sign language I am rather poor, but am good in lip-reading and talking. I am more than my own. Have always been with the hearing and I am today. I get away from home and I am continually meeting strangers. Some became true friends of mine, and in athletics I am generally above the average. I usually make teams in all sports with hearing boys, as I am fond of games.

I will be interested in your "Who's Who," in both as successful business men or athletes. I think it is going to do a lot of good and will no doubt lead others on to equal it or put more ambition into them. I am sure your magazine is being read by many of the deaf. If you keep up your high standard, it will do the same to its readers.

C. STEWART MCCORMICK

ALLENTOWN, PA.

Automobile Legislation

There is considerable talk of possible legislation against the deaf with regard to the driving of motor vehicles. The danger is not a mere bugaboo. It is real and the deaf throughout the country should keep a watchful eye on the doings of their respective state legislatures when they meet. The motor vehicle law of Oregon with regard to deaf drivers is:

Chap. XXX, Sec. 4790: *Persons Prohibited from Driving Machines on Highways.* No person, whether or not the owner of a motor vehicle, who is less than sixteen years of age or who is mentally incompetent or physically incapacitated as defined in this act shall operate or drive any motor vehicle ***

Sec. 4791: *Special Issued in Certain Case.* Any person who has lost the use of one hand or one foot, or who has lost the use of both feet or whose eyesight or hearing are greatly impaired shall be considered as physically incapacitated; provided the secretary of state may in his discretion and in such form as he may determine, issue a special license or permit to any such person, upon receipt of such evidence or demonstration as shall satisfy him that such person has had sufficient experience in the operation of a motor vehicle ***

Our law is working favorably at present. We would like to hear from other states with regard to their motor vehicle laws.—*Oregon Outlook.*

BELATED GREETINGS FROM MONTREAL

The Deaf of Montreal and the subscribers in particular, extend their greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the National Association of the Deaf.

THE "CUBISTIC" DESTINY

A painter of the "impressionist" school is now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says, "Look here; this is the latest masterpiece of my composition." They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Jews?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptian?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive and unpretentious."—*Unknown.*

For subscription offers, see list on front inside cover.

Who's Who in the Deaf World

Names will be printed alphabetically as they come in from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list printed in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.

A

ANDERSON, ELIZABETH MARION. Born April 24, 1875, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Dressmaker, with Mrs. Ella Gantz, 310 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Home address: 2189 Clarendon Road Brooklyn. Cannot speak; fair lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 99 Fort Washington Ave., 1883-1898. Member Woman's Parish Aid Society of St. Ann's Church; Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes. Uncertain as when lost hearing, which was from congestion of the brain (total). Has one deaf relative.

AUTHIER, DESIRE M. Born Oct. 20, (year not given) in Jefferson, South Dakota. Farmer. Lives in Watauga. Fair speaker, lipreader and signmaker. Lost hearing at eight years from spinal meningitis (total). Married Feb. 18, (year unknown) to Miss Emma Erickson (deaf).

B

BAARS, FRED WILLIS. Born Oct. 8, 1867, at Attica, N. Y. Printer, with The Advertiser Publishing Co., 217 S. King St., Honolulu, Hawaii. Lives at Central Y. M. C. A., Honolulu. Cannot speak or lipread; excellent signmaker. Attended "Fanwood" (New York) School for the Deaf, 1873, to graduation. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Married July 21, 1897, to Margaret H. Seely (deaf). Had one deaf child, now dead. Wife died Jan. 3, 1911. Has held the following positions: Wm. Green's Job Printing Office, New York City, 1890-1892; University of Chicago Press, 1894-1904; Instructor of Printing at the California School for the Deaf at Berkeley, 1913-1920; Advertiser Publishing Co., Honolulu, Hawaii 1921 to date (1922).

BARRAGER, MYRA L. Born Oct. 21, 1860, at Hancock, N. Y. Teacher, New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 99 Fort Washington Ave., New York City. Home address: 500 West 157th St., New York. Fair speaker; excellent lipreader and signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 1873-1881. Member Woman's Parish Aid Society; Loyal Band of Workers; Fanwood Literary Association; Fanwood Alumni Association. Lost hearing at five years from cerebro spinal meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Has been teaching at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf since 1881 to the present time.

BAXTER, ARCHIBALD McL. Born Feb. 8, 1871, in New York City. Home address: 32 West 60th St., New York City. Can speak; fair lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 1879. Member Fanwood Alumni Association. Lost hearing at 11 months from teething (total). No deaf relatives.

BIEHL, LULU EMMA. Born Feb. 2, 1889, at St. Louis, Mo. Worker in cotton mill. Residence: 3225 Ohio Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Never attended school. Speaks well; very good lipreader. Lost hearing at seven from spinal meningitis. No deaf relatives. Single. She learned to speak and read the lips at home. Employed in the cotton mill twenty-one years. At present attends school two nights a week to learn the sign language.

BUHLE, WILHELMINA. Born March 1, 1845, in New York. Home address: 30 Cliff Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Cannot speak or lipread; signs. Attended New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 1855-1865. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Married, 1869, to Henry Buhle (deaf). Has one hearing child.

CADDY, EMMA FRENCH. Born Feb. 8, 1874, at Rondout, City of Kingston, Ulster Co., New York. Tucker on Children's dresses, with B. Libman, 48-56 West 38th St., New York City. Home address: 196 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Excellent speaker; fair lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended Ulster Free Academy, Kingston, N. Y., 1881-1890; New York Institution for the Deaf, 1890-1897. Member Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes; Fanwood Alumni Association; Woman's Aid Society of St. Ann's Church, New York. Lost hearing at six from Scarlet Fever (total).

CARL, WALTER FREDRICK. Born Sept. 16, 1894, at Buffalo, N. Y. Machinist, with Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. Home address: 995 Alger Ave., Detroit, Mich. Fair speaker, lipreader and signmaker. Attended Rochester School for the Deaf from Jan. 1899 to June, 1910. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; National Association of the Deaf; Detroit Association of the Deaf; Silent Athletic Club of Chicago, Ill. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Secretary Detroit Division No. 2, N. F. S. D. (1920); Treasurer Ephphatha Episcopal Mission of the Deaf; Secretary St. Paul Saving's Club (1921 to 1924). reporter for Deaf-Mutes Journal; Vice-President and Chairman Board of Trustees (1919); President Ephphatha Episcopal Mission of the Deaf (1920). He is very much interested in church work and all athletics, especially motorcycling; has made several long runs by motorcycle. His hardest ride was from Chicago to Detroit in a driving rainstorm; made the trip in twelve hours with Harley Davidson motorcycle and auto. He can drive all makes of automobiles and has driven both thousands of miles without ever having an accident.

CHAMPAGNE, REBECCA SOPHIE. Born July 18, 1899, in Poland. Typist—not employed at present. Home address: 1042 Hoe Ave., Bronx, New York City. Fair speaker; excellent lipreader and signmaker. Attended Fanwood School for the Deaf, 1905-1918. Member National Association of the Deaf; H. A. D.; Blue Bird Club. Lost hearing at six from brain fever (total). No deaf relatives.

CHANDLER, JOHN BEATTY. Born July 9, 1885, at Oneida, Tenn. Teacher of English and History; Instructor in printing at the Tennessee School for the Deaf, Knoxville. Home address: 413 Chamberlain St., Knoxville. Fair speaker, lipreader and signmaker. Attended the Tennessee School for the Deaf seven years; Kendall School, Washington, D. C., one year; Gallaudet College, three years. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; National Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at seven from meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Married October 10, 1905, to Edith A. Peck (deaf). Has seven hearing children. Wife has some hearing and speaks

well. He has been manager (half owner) Lenoir City News, Lenoir City, Tenn., 1907-1919. Teacher of English and History in advanced classes and Instructor in printing, Tennessee School for the Deaf, 1919-1922.

CLARKE, MINNIE J. KIPP. Born Feb. 27, 1884, at Islip, N.Y. Fire Insurance Clerk, with Phoenix Fire Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn. Home address: 322 Whethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn. Excellent speaker; fair lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended Public Schools in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., 1890-1897; New York Institution for the Deaf, 1900-1903. Member National Association of the Deaf; Associate member Gallaudet College Alumni Association; Fanwood Alumni Association; W. C. T. U. Lost hearing at eleven from catarrh (partial). Has two deaf relatives. Married Dec. 25, 1915 to E. P. Clarke (hearing). Husband is son of deaf parents and former teacher of the deaf. Was supervisor in Albany Oral School, Rome School for the Deaf and Northern New York Institution for the Deaf, Malone; two years in the Census Department in Washington and three years in the Treasury Department.

COOK, ANNIE LAVINA MACPHAIL. (Mrs. Joseph Reginald Cook). Born Jan. 31, 1878, at Paris, Ont., Canada. Teacher (manual), Manitoba School for the Deaf, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. Lives at 65 Niagara St., Winnipeg, Manitoba. Fair speaker and lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended Ontario School for the Deaf in Belleville, Ont., Canada, 1894; Fanwood School in New York City, 1898 and Gallaudet College in Washington D. C., in 1903. Member the Jollity Club; the O. W. L. S.; Gallaudet College Alumni Association; Winnipeg Association for the Deaf; the Alpha Snow Shoe Club of Winnipeg and others. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Married Aug. 8, 1906, to J. R. Cook (deaf). Has one child living; one dead. Husband died of typhoid fever, Aug. 14, 1918; was teacher in the Manitoba School for the Deaf for twenty-five years—a fine man, a good speaker and excellent lipreader. In addition to her being a manual teacher she also teaches printing and edits the *Echo*, the School paper of the Winnipeg School for the Deaf.

COSTELLO, DENNIS ALBERT. Born Oct. 17, 1874, at Rome, N. Y. Chef at the Rome (N. Y.) School for the Deaf. Cannot speak or lipread. Uses signs. Attended Central New York School for the Deaf, Rome, N. Y., 1882-1897. Born deaf (total). Has one brother and two sisters, all deaf. Been at the Rome School since graduation.

CRASSONS, RUFUS. Born Dec. 23, 1880, at New Orleans, La. Vulcanizer helper for Leclerc Vulcanizing Works. Lives at Bay, St. Louis, Miss. Cannot speak or lipread; excellent signmaker. Attended Louisiana School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge, 1890-1898. Lost hearing at one year from typhoid fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married October 29, 1913, to Genevieve Buras (deaf). No children. Wife has one deaf sister and one deaf brother. Worked at odd jobs. With Good-year Tire and Rubber Co., in Akron (1919-1920). Is owner of small farm in Bay, St. Louis, Miss.

COWDEN, VIRGINIA. Born Feb. 20, 1859, at Bellenu, Iowa. Retired teacher. Home address, 1033-20th St., Rock Island, Ill. Excellent speaker; poor lipreader; fair signmaker. Attended the Iowa School for the Deaf, Council Bluffs, 1872-1875; Illinois School for the Deaf, Jacksonville, 1876-1879. Does not belong to any society or club. Lost hearing at 12 years from cerebro spinal meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Single. Teacher, Iowa School for the Deaf, 1881-1897-1901. 1886; teacher, School for the Deaf in St. Louis, Mo., one year, 1887.

COWHICK, CLYDE THOMAS. Born Nov. 26, 1883, in Grundy Co., Mo. Compositor with Standard Printing Co., Hannibal, Mo. Home address, 207 N. 6th St., Hannibal. Fair speaker and lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended Missouri School for the Deaf, Fulton, 1895-1905. Lost hearing at 2½ years (partial). No deaf relatives. Single. Has worked in Colorado and Chicago before going to Missouri; followed the trade 16 years.

COX, EMMA ISABEL. Born at Lake Crystal, Minn. Teacher, Michigan School for the Deaf, Flint. Lives at Lapeer, Mich. Excellent speaker and lipreader; good signmaker. Attended Michigan Public Schools for hearing children; graduate of the Lapeer (Michigan) High School. Lost hearing from a cold after she had grown up. (partial). No deaf relatives. Single. Taught in the Whiting, Vermont, Public Schools, 1896-1898; Lapeer, Mich., Public Schools, 1898-1906; Supervisor of Second Ward School, Lapeer, 1906-1909; teacher at Michigan School for the Deaf from 1910 up to the present time (1922). Took the Normal Training Course for oral teachers in the Michigan School for the Deaf in 1911, graduating with a diploma. Taught orally in the same school for four years.

CRAIG, AGNES. Born Nov. 20, in Manchester, England. Supervisor, Fanwood School for the Deaf, New York City. Lives in the school, 99 Fort Washington Ave. Poor speaker; fair lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Deaf (Fanwood). Member Woman's Parish Aid Society of St. Ann's Church. Lost hearing at five from scarlet fever (total). No deaf relatives. Has been supervisor of girls since 1893.

CRAIG, ERNEST WELLINGTON. Born Jan. 1, 1881, in Monroe County, Ohio. Job Compositor at 676 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Home address, 5415 Indiana Ave. Speaks, lipreads and signs. Attended School for the Deaf at Romney, West Va., 1892-1897; Ohio School for the Deaf at Columbus, 1897-1901. Member Pas-a-Pas Club; Silent Athletic Club; Tennis Club; National Association of the Deaf; Illinois Association of the Deaf; National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association. Lost hearing at 8 from spinal meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Married, 1905, to Blanche Greene, (deaf). Has two hearing children, both living. Wife attended the Ohio School for the Deaf, also Gallaudet College, class of 1902.

CRUMBLER, CARL. Born Oct. 29, 1895, at White Bluff, Tenn. Bottleworker with North Wheeling Glass Co., Norwood, W. Va. Lives at 99—20th St. Cannot speak or lipread; good signmaker. Attended Tennessee School for the Deaf, Knoxville, 1902-1912. Member Wheeling Silent Club. Born deaf.

D

DAIGLE, GEORGE O. Born July 30, 1891, at Belle Rosa, La. Wheelwright, with Garland Wagon Co., Belle Rose. Lives at 1334 Feliciana St. Cannot speak, lipread or sign. Attended Louisiana School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge. Member National Association of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). Has four deaf brothers and one sister. Married Feb. 10, 1910, to Pauline Boeonsch (hearing). Has one hearing girl living. Was belter for Maginnis Cotton Mills for a good while and ever since has been in the wagon factory. Was Trustee, New Orleans Division No. 33, N. F. S. D. for three years.

DAIGLE, JOSEPH A. Born Sept. 6, 1895, at Belle Rose, La. Printer (ad-man), with *Times-Picayune* at Belle Rosa. Lives at 2700 Constance St. Cannot speak or lipread; excellent signmaker. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). Has four brothers and one sister. Single. Been a printer ever since leaving school.

DAIGLE, ERNEST LANE. Born 1898, at Belle Rose, La. Works in Polb's Restaurant, at Belle Rosa. Lives on Charles St. Cannot speak, or lipread; signs. Attended Louisiana School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge. Born deaf (partial). Single.

DALGAARD, PETER LARSON. Born Mar. 18, 1882 in Copenhagen, Denmark. Farmer. Lives in Harrisburg, South Dakota. Can neither speak nor lipread but can sign. Attended the School for the Deaf at Sioux Falls (1889-1901). Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf (partial). Married Dec. 20, 1911 to C. Mabel Johnson (deaf). Has three children.

DAUGHDRILL, COLIN JOHNSON. Born Sept. 19, 1862, at Mobile, Ala. Commercial Drummer for the Williams Soap Co., Indianapolis, Ind. Lives at 17 Old Shell Road, Mobile, Ala. Cannot speak or lipread; signs. Attended Alabama School for the Deaf at Talladega, six years, and Gallaudet College one year. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and National Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at three from scarlet fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married Feb. 1895, to Katie Moffat (deaf). Has two hearing children, both living. Wife educated at the Mississippi School for the deaf in Jackson. Was a printer but turned to the real estate business. Has been travelling salesman, drumming for the same Company for 19 years. Regarded one of the few successful deaf salesmen.

DAVIS, ADELBERT BOYD. Born Dec. 1, 1857, at Sandusky, Ohio. Boat Builder with American Boat Co., 610 Parkview Ave., Detroit, Mich. (at present). Fair speaker, lipreader and excellent sign-maker. Attended Ohio State School for the Deaf, Columbus, 1868-75. Associate member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, Detroit Division No. 2. Lost hearing at 7 years from scarlet fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married, 1880, to Lucy Cook (deaf). Has two hearing children, both living; 4 grandchildren, all living. Wife deaf from infancy, caused by scarlet fever. Engaged in the manufacture of all small pleasure craft, also as draughtsman and designer.

DAVIS, IVAN. Born, 1880, at Lumber, Ark. Filer with Davis Bros. Lumber Co., at Ansley, La. Cannot speak or lipread; uses signs. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Married, 1910, to a hearing woman. No children. Is a successful deaf man; one of the head workers of mill employing hundreds of men. Owns beautiful home.

DeARMAN JAMES. Born, 1895, at Portia, Ark. Press-feeder, with Democrat Printing and Lithographing Co., Little Rock, Ark. Can speak; fair lipreader and signmaker. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock, 1906-1917. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Cause of deafness unknown. Has two deaf relatives. Married, 1921, to Miss Wallace (hearing). Has one hearing child.

DeARMAN, LOUIS E. Born Feb. 1, 1894, at Portia, Ark. Instructor in Gymnastics at the Little Rock (Arkansas) School for the Deaf. Cannot speak or lipread; uses signs. Attended Arkansas School, 1902-1915. Member Arkansas Association for the Deaf. Has two deaf relatives. Born deaf. Single. Was Girls' Assistant Supervisor, 1916-1917.

DECELL, JOHN ERNEST. Born Oct. 30, 1872 at Casyville, Miss. Employed by the Wm. Oliver Mfg. Co., at Meridian, Miss. Cannot speak or lipread; excellent signmaker. Attended Mississippi School for the Deaf at Jackson, 1880-1881; 1883-1885; 1887-1889. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). Married, Dec. 1897, to Miss Captolia

Kailes (deaf); four hearing children, all living. Machinist May 12, 1916, at The Wm. Oliver & Co., Knoxville, Tenn., till Dec. 30, 1920; Cotton Mill, Meridian, Miss., 1896, as machinist, 1916.

DECELL, RUFUS TALBERT. Born, 1878, at Causeyville, Mississippi. Wood-worker with K. G. Gough, 2008 Fourth St., Causeyville, Miss. Poor speaker and lipreader but excellent at signmaking. Attended the Jackson (Miss.) School for the Deaf for five years. Born deaf (total). Has five deaf relatives—four sisters and one brother. Married Sept. 3, 1905, to Ida Caster (deaf). Has three hearing children, all living. Been working about thirty years with contractors in building and general construction work.

DEEM, CHARLES BLAINE. Born Sept. 3, 1885, at Chester-ville, W. Va. Lives at 1700 Sixteenth St. Fair speaker and lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended West Virginia Schools for the Deaf and Blind, 1898-1905. Member W. Va. Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at five from spinal meningitis (total). Married June 5, 1912, to Christine Jepson (deaf). Has three hearing children; one dead. Foreman Scholl Printing Co. since 1913.

DEER, DEWEY HANSFIELD. Born Sept. 12, 1898 at Shel-ton, Washington. Rubberworker, with the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio. Lives at 1600 Malasia Road. Excellent speaker; fair lipreader, excellent signmaker. Attended Shelton Public School; Washington School for the Deaf; Gallaudet College. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Goodyear Silent Athletic Club. Lost hearing at eleven from spinal meningitis. No deaf relatives. Married Oct. 29, 1918, to Lulu Watts (deaf). One hearing child (dead). Was star football player while at college; was distinguished as a runner, also.

DELIGLIO, MRS. GUIE LEO. Born Feb. 28, 1898, at Omaha, Neb. Typist and short story writer. Lives with parents at 291 San Rafael St., Portland, Ore. Educated at the Portland Day School for the Deaf, 1912-14. Attended Williamette College (hearing college,) Salem, Ore., 1916-17; winner of freshman glee song for the class of 1920. Left college on account of poor eyesight. Excellent speaker, poor lipreader but improves rapidly in sign-making since about two years ago, when she first associated with the deaf people. Lost hearing at nine years of age from shock. Totally deaf. No deaf relatives. Married in 1917 to Ralph Deliglio (hearing). Has one hearing child. Member of N. A. D., Oregon Association of the Deaf and the Portland Women's Bluebird Club. Keeps home for parents and is employed as secretary to her father, who is a prominent Portland physician.

DENCHERT, FREDERICK CLAUDE. Born Feb. 13, 1890, at New Orleans, La. Clerk for Cannal Commercial Trust and Savings Bank. Attended Louisiana School for the Deaf, 1910-1917. Lost hearing at two from scarlet fever (partial). No deaf relatives.

DEWITT, FLOYD FREDRICK. Born October 16, 1897, at Addison, N. Y. Student in Arts Course, University of Rochester, graduating in 1923. Lives at Central Y. M. C. A., Rochester, N. Y. Fair speaker and lipreader; poor signmaker. Attended Rochester School for the Deaf, 1903-1917; University of Rochester, 1918-1922. Member University of Rochester Commons Club; Rochester Schol for the Deaf Alumni Association. Lost hearing at one year and a half from meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Secretary of the U. of R. Campus Board (College Weekly); President of the Rochester School for the Deaf Alumni Association, 1918-1920; 1920-1921. War worker in the summer time for the Curtis Aero and Motor Co., at Ham-monsport, N. Y.

The Gentle Art of Weeding

By ZENO

(Continued from last month)



O MY delight, I discovered that the professor emeritus who was to demonstrate the art of packing the ass, was no other than the one who made me flunk in mathematics at the university 40 years ago. How his hair has whitened, and in what a sweet manner he quieted the animal as he, coated in a white sweater, explained the intricacies of the rope-tyings on the lee side of the R-writing hoofs! Forty years, ah! that year I graduated from the school for the deaf with a record for the final examination which was the highest in the institution's history and possibly also the most remarkable in the whole annals of the deaf education, and that is 100% in every study—absolute perfection in everything even to a point or a comma (were the dear derelicts of the brave, antediluvian days entirely too kind to me?). Then in the same month (it was June), I went straight to the State university to take my matriculation examination, and it was again 100% for geography, 100% for history, 100% for English (here I was examined by Prof. Sill who wrote the famous 'Prayer of the Court-jester'). This comet-like brilliancy could not be maintained continuously, and I dropped a notch in Latin (my superintendent should not have dogged my steps so persistently, looked over my shoulders, and cracked jokes with the professors). The next morning, I crossed the threshold of a hall which I did not know was to be my *pons asinorum*. I answered a question in mathematics like lightning and again answered joyfully, and suddenly I got rattled. Shaking away my momentary weakness, I answered and answered, and once more I got stumped. I had scarcely righted myself before I again lost my equilibrium, and I floundered, floundered, FLOUNDERED, my confidence fast approaching the fatal mark of zero like the indicator of a speedometer when a traffic cop is in sight.

That same professor supervising the saddling of an ass, wrote in irritation on the blackboard, "What is the matter with you?"

I, hypnotized by his \$10 pair of pearl gray pantaloons, replied, "I am embarrassed."

I have since read that the silent Mark Twain met the more silent U. S. Grant. After a speechless interval, Mark said to the general, "I am embarrassed, are you not?"

My teacher had sworn by me even in mathematics. I know geometry like ABC and had gone as far as some trigonometry. But now, for some unaccountable reason, I had parted company with youth's enthusiasm, pride in the Alma Mater's success, and interested in any system—antediluvian, commercial, deoxygenized, boomerang shaped or mother tear stained. My lost head went careering like a foolish toy balloon among the star-dust of ancient civilizations where somehow the music of the universe seemed to be playing. I saw Ulysses tied to the mast while the warblings of the sirens floated over the sounding main; I saw Persepolis on fire while the harp of Alexander echoed, echoed, echoed; I saw Cleopatra open her mouth wide *a la Sarah Bernhardt*, oh, how heart-breaking her silver voice was!—"I am dying, Egypt, dying"—as sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, O Antony! I was asleep, annihilated, *hors de combat* the premier ass who started to amble with golden trappings across the *pons asinorum*.

Was I embarrassed? My collegiate simply came to an end and I did not care (most of my mathematics and Latin are now forgotten). I became a teacher. How I turned off into a new career, is another story, and please do not believe that I am not flinging the cloak of isolation around my shoulder and bending my right arm like a pair of scissors to say, No, I spurn a honorary degree. I like a diploma, provided it looks somewhat like that of St. Gaudens.

WASHBURN JUDGED TO BE THE FOREMOST ETCHER OF AMERICA. A REMARKABLE OPUS FILLING SEVEN GALLERIES IN A SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM.

(From the San Francisco Call-Post, November 26, 1921)

The retrospective collection of etchings by Cadwallader Washburn, which has been arranged by the San Francisco Museum of Art for exhibition in the Palace of Fine Arts, will demonstrate the supremacy of American graphic art as have very few exhibitions held in this country in many years. The exhibition opens with a private view and reception to the members and supporters of the museum at 2:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, November 30.

Since the death of Whistler, Washburn has been regarded by the most discriminating connoisseurs of etching as America's foremost exponent of this very difficult medium of artistic expression. The collection which will be placed on exhibition next week constitutes Washburn's whole opus as an etcher. It comprises the number of something over 500 prints, covering his entire output since he first began to etch some twenty years ago, down to and including impressions of his last plates executed during his recent sojourn in California. It contains scores of unique prints from plates that have been destroyed and never before exhibited in any exhibition.

RIVAL OF WHISTLER

By the diversity of subject and treatment, Washburn is a strong rival of Whistler, with whom he has often been compared. Like Whistler, his sojourns in foreign lands have resulted in master-pieces that reflect the character and spirit of the countries visited to a degree only possible in great art.

As in the case of the Rembrandt exhibition, the installation of the Washburn collection will follow a chronological order that will make possible a complete survey of his whole development. The collection will fill some seven or eight galleries.

On Thanksgiving day, in the interval of an interesting football game on the school grounds, a little man, about nine years old, sauntered up to me and looked over me.

Says I to him, of course in the blessed sign language, "Do you play foot-ball, too?"

He shook his head gravely and replied, "No, but I will."

I said, "Then, you will have to hurry and grow."

He never changed his grave manner, as he answered, "Yes, I am eating much, MUCH." Suiting action to his signs, he took a large orange out of his coat-pocket and began to peel it.

There was cleverness in his signing, perhaps philosophy in his estimation of cause and effect, and surely a surprising climax to his reasoning. Good God, how could I have carried on this conversation with the chap by speech, when he is hardly advanced beyond the delighted-parent stage of saying "mama?"

Christ said, "What ye hear in the EAR, that preach ye upon the house-tops."

So much for the command during centuries that the ear be considered the true Appian Way, the only Gothard tunnel, the safest conduit of Faith. Billy Sunday who distributes religion in this manner, is a successful plumber or engineer.

Then a notable event happened. I gave away my D.M.J. to a Catholic before I could memorize the name of the French deaf-mute who has just become a priest (I dote on the honest word, *deaf-mute*, because it means one who associates with other deaf-mutes, as distinctive from a merely deaf man). But the point that I want to explain, is that there is a story in that newspaper telling of a circumstance which is of vastly more importance than the description of a pretty church function. The porten-

tous news is this: Pope Boniface has at last done the fatherly act of reversing the two-thousand-year old policy that no deaf person could be admitted to priesthood. By this act, the French deaf-mute has suddenly become clothed with the dignity of a great actor. He has arrived. The Church has nodded, and he is standing before kings.

Tears flowed plentifully — so goes the story — when the priest, newly vested with sacred authority, performed mass for the first time—THE FIRST TIME IN THE WHOLE HISTORY OF TWO THOUSAND YEARS. Well might the tears have flowed! On this solemn occasion, charity is married to wisdom. History is re-written.

We, sinners, humbly thank Pope Boniface for brushing away an ancient disqualification. We, deaf-mutes, congratulate the young priest. We, Americans, hail France as a reliable ally in the ways of peace and progress. The work of the Man of Cavalry goes on—*qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de coelis!*

❖ ❖ ❖

I felt myself borne up through the air at an inconceivable speed. I looked upward and found myself in the arms of a gigantic man with a benign face. Turning around my head, I also saw that his breast was covered with scales, the roughness of which hurt my back.

We reached the top of a mountain, before which stretched in

all directions kingdom upon kingdom with their peoples and civilizations.

The monster said unto me, "This is the earth where the people speak, and it is all mine, for it is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will, I will give it."

He smiled as he said all that, his huge wings moving to and fro softly in the meantime, and he continued, "English is the goal of all schools. Speech alone makes good language, for this is a speaking world, and it all belongs to me. Oh, son, worship Oralism; think in its terms, for thought is impossible without speech; give convenience to others, and thou wilt be restored to society. Oh, mortal, dost thou understand?—that method is of an infinite commercial utility; in it is the whole secret of the science of power, and all this power of the earth will I give thee and the glory of it. Look there, even that poor, dumb stone can be turned into useful and life-sustaining bread!"

I replied, "Thy words are fair, but thou hast a two-forked tongue. I am a master of Language, and no teacher or principal can limn it like me. But it is written, "That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God which I understand even in the sign-language, for both that language and I come from God. Him, the Lord thy God, thou shalt worship, and him alone shalt thou serve. Get thee behind me, Satan."

I was thrown violently on the ground, on the brink of a precipice. I shuddered and woke. Behold, it is Christmas morning.

The Deaf of Other Days

Pageant Fantasy By Selwyn Oxley in 10 Episodes. Adapted for Acting by the Deaf in the Silent Language. Approximate Time in Performance, Three Hours. Approximately 80 Photographs Can be Taken from the Episodes in Toto

Episode VI

DUMB DYOTT AT THE SIEGE OF LICHFIELD.

Persons Represented:

DUMB DYOTT
BROOKE
GOVERNOR OF LICHFIELD
ARCHBOLD
GLASIER
SOLDIERS (PURITANS AND CAVALIERS) AND TOWNSPEOPLE

SCENE. LICHFIELD CLOSE: *town, a pool etc., cathedral in distance, guns on buildings. A crowd of refugees and bivouacking soldiers.*

A troop of CAVALIER SOLDIERS passes out of the gate and presently returns with a gun which has to be left behind.

ARCHBOLD. Ugh! and must we have more such nights as this?

GLASIER. Alas, friend! I fear it must be so.

ARCH. I had a crowd of little ones shivering round my bit of fire over yonder. But all to no purpose. We can never hold the place from fanatic Brooke. See! they have had to leave the gun behind.

SOLDIER. 'Twas bravely done, all the same. But what can one to five expect? God's temple is decreed to fall.

ARCH. Dost not thou remember what day this is?

GLA. Why! 'tis the feast of Chad.

SOL. It may be God will save our church.

ARCH. A vain hope, I fear, brother.

SOL. I have faith in Chad of Lichfield, and I believe he will save his own even yet by the help of God.

GLA. If only it might be so, how glorious it would be!

SOL. Hark ye! do you hear?

ARCH. I hear nothing, but I see Dummy Dyott.

GLA. A lucky fellow, he—he hears nothing of this din.

SOL. Look ye there! that shot fell right against him. But he takes no heed. He might be shooting birds on yonder pool, for all he cares.

GLA. Ah! now I hear the hymn. Listen! (*They listen, and soon singing is heard, becoming louder*):

VOICES (*outside*).

Lift up your hearts, ye saints, and sing
The praises of the Lord,
And in your hand unsheathed bring
The sharp, two-edged sword—

(*Deeper voices take up the second stanza; much louder. PURITAN SOLDIERS march on the stage.*)

PURITANS (*singing*).

To smite the heathen and correct
The people with your hands;
To bind their stately kings in chains,
Their lords in iron bands:

To execute on them the doom
That written was before:
Thine honour all the saints shall have,
Praise ye the Lord therefore.

(*When the last words are being sung, BROOKE comes out of the line and advances, and is about to issue an order when suddenly DYOTT shoots an old gun off, and BROOKE is hit and falls.*)

ARCH. What is that? Did ye not hear?

GLA. 'Tis the rebel Brooke himself.

SOL. Did I not say that St. Chad would intervene and save his own? (*The crowd begins to rush with one accord to the spot.*)

A MAN. 'Tis Brooke himself. I well remember his earnest

plea to his followers that God would show His favour on this effort in a special way by some sign.

SOL. God has indeed shown a sign. But not what Brooke intended. St. Chad has saved his own.

ARCH. Who did the deed?

SOL. Surely 'twas Dyott himself.

MAN. God moves mysteriously His purposes to set out. The leader of the foe shot on the Feast of Chad by a dumb man! 'Tis scarce believable.

GLA. Well, our eyes reveal the fact. *DYOTT now advances, gesticulating and pointing. The crowd struggles to carry him off in triumph to the GOVERNOR.*

ARCH. Make way there, or he will perish, too! Let him come with me, and you all follow. *(At this there are cries of assent, and they all rush off the stage, leaving BROOKE behind where he fell, and deserted by his men, whom his death has struck with consternation. A little later, the crowd, headed by the GOVERNOR, is seen returning, and he stoops down to look at BROOKE.)* Thou see'st 'tis the truth, as we said.

SOL. A telling answer to his prayer! *(DYOTT is then led to the GOVERNOR, who shakes his hand, and they all march in procession to the cathedral, singing.)*

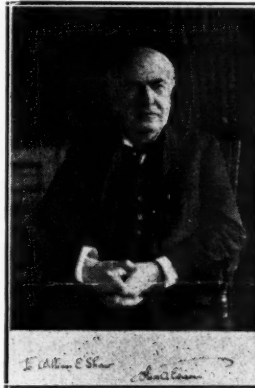
END OF EPISODE VI

A NEW POINT OF VIEW

A new little brother had come to small Carew, and it was observed that he looked sulky. Being asked if he were jealous or what ailed him, he made out-spoken answer, "No, I ain't jealous, an' I like the new kid well enough for a baby, but I think I might have been told he was comin'. How'd you all like it if I was to walk into the house tomorrow and just shout-out, 'See, I gotter baby!' an' none of you'd even so much as heard a peep from me before?"—*Unknown.*



Helen Kearney, fourteen-year old daughter of Mrs. Mollie Kearney, of Trenton, asking "What are the Wild Waves Saying," on the cold sands of Cape May, N. J., Christmas morning.



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A FINE MOVE

We wish to thank the deaf of Columbia for asking the city to refuse permission to beg on the streets to able bodied deaf persons. This is a move in the right direction and we hope to see our alumni in other cities do the same thing.

The following account of this move is taken from The Columbia Record:

"At the Tuesday morning meeting of city council a communication was read from a considerable number of deaf mutes of Columbia, protesting against the granting of permission to able bodied mutes to beg on the streets when they are able to work, many of whom beat board bills and impose upon restaurants.

"From the statements from councilmen following the reading of the letter it was obvious that more restrictions will be thrown around alms seekers in the future, although it is not now an easy matter for able bodied persons to obtain permission to beg upon the streets.

"This matter brought up a discussion of the situation relating to idleness and charity bestowal in the city. Chief of Police Strickland said there is more enforced idleness than in some time, and there are two classes of unemployed—those who really want work; and those who really don't want work. Councilman Earle remarked that right on the officers should be more careful to separate the two in enforcing the vagrancy laws. Mayor Blalock said that he and the chief of police had held many conferences on the subject, for this particular reason, in view of the enforced idleness, owing to a let-up in industrial activities. Chief Strickland said his department realized that there are many persons who want work and are unable to obtain it; and no cases are made out against the unfortunate, and only against the willfully indolent."—Pametto Leaf.

THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

The Deaf of Canada have taken steps to form an Association, modeled largely on the plan of the National Association of the Deaf of the United States. They expect to hold their first convention this year.

It is a hopeful sign when any class of people begin to organize associations devoted to furthering their own welfare by legitimate means, for it shows a purpose to fight their own battles, and hints at a healthy degree of ambition and self-confidence.

It isn't often that a court will award a deaf man damages against a railway company for injuries sustained while walking on the track, the presumption being that one who can not hear has no business doing such a thing, but the West Virginia Supreme Court has just sustained a verdict of the trial court awarding a deaf man, James Windall, \$6250.00 damages for injuries received in being struck by a train on one of the railroads of that state.—*Kentucky Standard*.

The annual meeting of the Silent Co-operative Grocery Company was held at the grocery store Saturday evening, January 14th, with William Pfunder as President. Mr. Lindell, Corporation's attorney, addressed the stockholders, Russel Moore interpreting for the deaf. The Company was reorganized to perfect the organization for 1922. Harry Wilson, secretary-treasurer, read the annual report of the financial condition. The following directors were elected: W. W. Yeargan, J. H. Phillips, Geo. Ralph Thomas, J. C. Dowell, H. Wilson and C. Ensworth.

The northernmost school for the deaf in the world came into existence in the spring of 1913, when work in educating the deaf was begun at the small trading station of Frederickshef, in the icy wilderness of Greenland under the auspices of the Danish Mission. Manual instruction alone is employed, for the reason that the deaf children of Greenland are under the necessity of helping in the support of the family at an early age, it is unlikely that the pupils are permitted to attend school more than a couple of years. Oral instruction is out of the question.—*W. S. R., in California News*.

Otto Schulze is employed by the Reedsburg Free Press. There is nothing that feases Otto. Be it the press work, job work, running the intertype machine or repairing it when it gets out of order, Otto is the boy who can and does make things go. He owns his own home, nicely located on two lots and during his leisure hours take his wife and two children, a boy of 7 and a girl of 3, out for a spin in his six

cylinder Nash car. The only complaint Otto has is that Fords are too numerous. Once he whizzed up a hill on high and when he reached the crest, suddenly found two Fords blocking the road. With a ditch to the right and trees to the left, he choose bumping into a Ford as the less of three evils and came off with only a bent fender while the scared Ford ambled 200 feet down hill before stopping to see what it was that disrupted the right of way.—*Wisconsin Times*.

Professor Elizabeth Peet of Gallaudet College will conduct a class in the art of correct sign-making. This is, indeed, a step in the right direction. Correct signs are to the deaf what proper enunciation is to the hearing. Speakers do not become famous for their ability to express themselves grammatically correct language alone, but in the modulation of the voice and their ease of delivery as well. They attract audiences and move throngs more by their voices than by the words they use. By the same token, no matter how expert a lip-reader a deaf individual may be, no amount of tongue wagging will convince him as quickly as the same statement in clear, concise and forceful signs. Mere words cannot hold the attention and make a discourse interesting. A competent sign maker finds it not at all difficult to keep the interest of a deaf audience. Public speaking has long been included in the regular course of Gallaudet College under the able direction of Dr. Hotchkiss.—*V., in the Oregon Outlook*.

The advent of the New Year reminds us that it will not be long now until the centennial of the founding of the school arrives. Indeed, the act of incorporation was passed one hundred years ago this year—December 7th. The observance of the centennial might very well take place this year but the alumni have decided to celebrate the founding of the first State School for the Deaf in America in September, 1923.

Already letters have begun to come in from former pupils in every section of the United States expressing an intention to return to do their Alma Mater honor on the memorial occasion. There promises to be a great home coming not only of the younger generation who always turn out in force to our reunions, but of the men and women who usually say they are too busy to come, and of the gray haired "grads" who claim that they are too old to take part in such festivities.

We hope that every former pupil of this school will arrange to come, if possible, and all who read this are urged to begin at once "boosting" the occasion.

We wonder if that portion of the deaf who consider Gallaudet College as the seat of learning of their kind—their West

Point so as to speak—would be surprised to know that the actual seat of learning here, among the men undergraduates, is the radiator on the north side of the reading room. Around it discussions political, ethical, æsthetic and otherwise, and more or less "heated" take place. Many are the sage and wise remarks propounded in its vicinity, and in the majority of cases, the individual who is esconced on the radiator is the chairman of the proceedings. Whether this is due to the "warmth of his personality" or to the fact that the aforementioned "chair" is always looked to with kind regard by the students, especially during the long winter, the writer does not venture to say.

Seated thereon with a thin pane of glass between him and the snow and chilly wind outside, the student, with mayhap a half-pint of maple nut ice-cream purchased from the store conducted by the Athletic Association and intended to be eaten as a counter-irritant, is ready for a most energetic discussion of any subject you may care to bring up.—*V., in the Oregon Outlook*.

In our large cities there are quite a number of deaf automobile mechanics. It seems that deafness has little or nothing to do with learning all there is to know about the automobile. This being the case, it no doubt would pay for our schools to add auto repairing to the list of trades taught. In a few schools this is already being done. Berkeley has an expert Ford mechanic in the largest garage in the city and the manager rates him among the three best in the shop.

This recalls to us the late attempts made by certain misinformed persons to have a law passed which would prevent the deaf from operating automobiles on the highways. If it is safe for a deaf man to become an expert automobile mechanic, it is surely safe for him to drive his own car. The sense of touch in the deaf driver is so highly developed that any fault in the mechanism of the car is promptly detected.

Happily in this glorious state of ours there are as yet no laws which deprive the deaf owner of a car from the full enjoyment of our magnificent highways, part of the expense of which came from the sweat of his brow.—*W. S. R., in California News*.

At the Commencement exercises of this school last May the principal address was delivered by President Marshall M. Allen of Kentucky College for Women. He showed that he had studied the problems of the deaf intelligently when he intimated the opinion that their handicap lay not so much in deafness itself as in the attitude or the people by whom they are surrounded. "I sometimes think it is

a matter of majorities," he said, in referring to the generally prevailing opinion that the deaf are "queer people," and went on to illustrate his point by telling the story of the escaped inmate of the hospital for the insane who was glad when brought back because he found everybody in the outside world had "wheels in the head."

It is failure of so many of the people around them to treat them just as they would other folks that is responsible for most of the deaf. While there is no intentional unkindness in the attitude of the community towards its deaf citizens the lives of the latter are often almost a tragedy for the lack of the understanding sympathy of their neighbors. At every turn they are made to feel that theirs is a special position in the life of the community, when what they wish is to be allowed to forget their deafness.

An address like that of Dr. Allen is a real help to the deaf if it lead the people of the community to pause and ask themselves whether, after all, the deaf are the "queer" people they are reputed to be and give them the place in its life that a hearing individual of the intelligence and refinement is accorded.

Mr. Earle H. Butts, a graduate of the Alabama School for the Deaf, class 1915 and Miss Mabel Sines, of Wilmington, Delaware, a graduate of Kendall School, Washington, D. C., were married by the Rev. C. O. Dantzer at the Rectory, on Friday afternoon, January 6th at 4:30. Mesdames Dantzer and Marchman were the only witnesses. Mr. Butts has been offered a very good position in a large printery in Durham, N. C.

The following couples are receiving heartiest congratulations from their many friends upon the announcement of their engagements on Christmas Day: Mr. William E. Rothemund and Miss Edith Z. Dunner; Mr. Harry F. Stevens and Miss Helen Nickel. The latter is supervisor of girls in Wisconsin Hall, which position she has held for some years.

Mrs. Dorothy S. Knight, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, was given a linen shower at Mrs. Syle's residence, December 4th. Some twenty-five lady friends were present—some of whom were her pupils in dancing. This surprise was a token of appreciation for Mrs. Knight's past labors. Mesdames Moore and Wilson were the prime movers in the affair. The refreshments served in the daintily decorated dining room were altogether a great treat.—*Mt. Airy World*.

Motion picture plays get on the nerves of a good many people for the simple reason that originality is too often lacking. Or, if it is not a lack of originality that drives the people away, it is sheer lack of merit in the so-called star whose every movement, whose every facial expression is known and therefore anticipated long before each successive scene flashes upon the screen. It seems that what is needed now is a general shelving of those that have gone stale.

New ideas are sure to pop out of unknown heads. No one class of people know the good and bad points of screen idols as do the deaf. They follow each person minutely, even to the emotions, and the movements of the muscles, as of the throat. Hence when, in successive pictures in which the same actors feature, these actions are repeated, they naturally dampen the enthusiasm of the keen deaf observer. All is then painfully flat.

When this apathy becomes general, it is time that a change should be made, if the public is to get its money's worth. Unfortunately, persistence seems to be the high word in movie camps and unmagnetic stars continue on the screen. Patronage then falls off. The bluff is called.

The deaf fan, at least, stays home more as a result because he is critical and demands nothing short of a genuine thrill which can be produced only when genius is duly recognized and the octopus—the star with the million or more at his command and making his own pictures in his own company—is released from its strangle hold on the great industry that gives so much pleasure to the masses.—*W. S. R., in California News*.

The Alumni Association of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb gathered in the chapel of Wisconsin Hall, Friday evening, December 30, to present a brass tablet, 2 x 3 feet, commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Institution, and to elect officers for the next two years. The tablet was decided upon at the meeting of the Alumni Association held during the summer of 1920. Three hundred notices were sent out announcing the above gathering but owing to other parties held the same evening there were only ninety-nine present—including some of the teachers and officers of the School.

President R. M. Ziegler called the meeting to order at 8:30 with a few brief remarks. Dr. A. L. E. Crouter followed with a warm address of welcome which was well responded to by Mr. John A. Roach. The unveiling of the tablet was then performed by Miss Hazel Fahnstock, hearing daughter of Mr. A. M. Fahnstock, and great-great grandniece of Samuel Fahnstock (seventh generation) who was one of the first eleven pupils who came to school in 1820. Miss Emily Sterck, from Staunton, Va., School for the Deaf, and who graduated from this school in the class of 1915, presented the tablet to the Institution with graceful hopes of a great future progress in the years to come as the School replied with expressions of gratitude and pleasure for the beautiful brass tablet presented by the Association. He dwelt at some length upon his life work in the School and his association with the members of the Board of Directors whose names and terms of office are engraved upon the tablet.—*Mt. Airy World*.

John Breazeale, one of Uncle Sam's sturdy Jack Tars during the World War and rendered deaf by a terrific explosion and spinal meningitis, has been taking a course in pharmacy at the Tulane University since his graduation from the Mississippi School. He received his B. Phar. sheepskin last June from Tulane but is taking the postgraduate course with a view to getting a doctor's degree. Not satisfied with editing the pharmaceutical magazine of the University, he has begun to contribute to the *New Orleans Daily Item*. He lately gave his views of Gypsy Smith and his great evangelical services. He is also developing his poetical ability. Mr. Breazeale expects to be connected with the government research department after securing his D. Phar.

The new colony of deaf people in and around Valley Stream, N. Y., about twenty in number, have gone ahead and organized a "Booster Club" with a former Mississippian, Mr. John Decell, a Presi-

dent. This seems to be preliminary to the organization of a division of the N. F. S. D.—*Deaf Mississippian*.

Years ago, 30 of them to be exact, a name flashed across the baseball horizon and with advancing years became very famous because the owner of that name was one of the great outfielders of his day. The name served to identify W. E. Hoy who played a sterling brand of ball for Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, in the nineties and saw service with a few other teams in the present century before giving up the game. And now Hoy has given the world a son who is beginning to revive the name in athletics. Carson Hoy, a sophomore in the Liberal Arts College of the University of Cincinnati, this season, has won a place on the U. C. basket-ball team. Young Hoy now gets into almost every game played by the Bearcats as a forward. He is one of the few players to make the team in his first year on the squad at the University of Cincinnati.

Before entering U. C. Hoy played with the Mt. Healthy High School team. His father, still hale and hearty, has made his home in that suburb for a number of years.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Mr. Michael Bonatelli, having finished a course in operating a linotype at the school for the Deaf in Trenton, New Jersey, was sent to Williamsport, Pa. recently to take a position as linotype operator in the newspaper office of the *Gazette Bulletin*, the only morning newspaper there. Trenton school has been receiving applications for linotype operators from all parts of the country and only those who set 4000 ems per hour can be recommended. One of the students has gone to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to teach the mysteries of the linotype to the pupils at the School for the Deaf there.—*Mt. Airy World*.

The Ryan Memorial Institute, as it is popularly known is devoted to the education and maintenance of deaf and dumb children, and was established in memory of the late Archbishop Ryan, who had often expressed the desire to erect a school for the deaf-mutes, but who could not do so during his administration. After his death the Catholic organization undertook the work of establishing the institute as a memorial under the direction of Archbishop Prendergast, and a temporary home was established at No. 1803 Vine Street in 1914, in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The latter began at once to prepare themselves for their work in a professional way, and attended special courses for deaf-mutes in Boston and Buffalo.

Through the co-operation of the Holy Name Societies, funds were raised for the purchase of a permanent home, and last summer the beautiful old Kelly mansion on Spring Garden Street was purchased. The cost of the property was far in excess of the amount collected for the purpose, and the Ladies' Auxiliary attached to the Institute is endeavoring to raise the balance, and a substantial amount is expected to be realized from the coming performance.

The new home of the institute has been altered and enlarged for its new purpose, and was formally blessed by Cardinal Dougherty a few days ago. There are now nearly 70 pupils in the school, most of whom are boarders, and they are

given board and tuition free. In charge of the school is Sister Carmelia.—*Philadelphia Record*, Jan. 22, 1922.

Goodyear is adding one or two deaf men a week. Kreigh Ayers and Foster Gilbert have just been re-employed in the Goodyear chemical laboratory. Ayers was laid off sixteen months ago. We used to consider him a super-expert. Picard the famous chemical analyst of Birmingham, Alabama, when I visited his private \$50,000 laboratory, volunteered the information that he considered Ayers the best of the dozen deaf chemists in America. "Ayers is a research man!" he explained.

Anent the ancient question of the relative advantages of state and day school for the deaf—always bobbing up in the "I. p. f."—the following press dispatch from Minneapolis, Minn. is striking testimony of "the day school morals." Notice, please, the judge sends the ring-leader to the state school, to learn law-abiding righteousness.

"Three boys and one girl aged 12 to 14 years, and all deaf and dumb, have confessed to the looting of two South Minneapolis motion picture theaters. They plead guilty before Judge Gould, of the juvenile court, the oldest boy being sent to Faribault and the others being placed on probation.

"The children live in North and Northeast Minneapolis, but marked out two theaters for robbing while they attended a school for the deaf and dumb children in South Minneapolis."

The Tribune of the 20th runs portrait and stickful: "White Eagle, a deaf and dumb Indian, is attending the good roads show at the Coliseum as a representative of the Custer Battlefield Highway association. Among other talents, White Eagle is a poet. *The Meaghers in Journalism*.

A bold holdup occurred last Saturday afternoon, Nov. 4th, at a social club in Old Farragut Theater Building, Vallejo. According to the police, Thomas Haggerty, Nathan Rosenbaum (deaf-mute) and an unknown man were in the club at the time the two men entered. The robbers pointed revolvers at the men in the room and ordered them to throw up their hands and when Rosenbaum, who is unable to hear, failed to carry out their orders one of the crooks hit him over the head with a pistol. The robbers then forced Haggerty and Rosenbaum and the third man into a closet and locked the door. They then took the money that was being counted on the desk and after firing a shot to scare the men in the closet, rushed down the stairs and ran up the street to Sacramento and Georgia streets where they were lost sight of. The police state that at least \$500 was secured.

Some veterans of the Spanish American War who have a club in the building, heard the shot and investigated, and on entering the room where the robbers secured the coin released the men who were in the closet.

The robbers had handkerchiefs tied in such a manner as to cover their faces, and it is said that it would be a hard matter for Haggerty or the other men to identify the crooks. The veterans who saw the men run up the street after the robbery state that the robbers were apparently young men. That the men were only after money is proven by the fact that they failed to take the watch that was on the table alongside the currency. The watch belonged to Haggerty. It stated that Haggerty probably saved Rosenbaum's

life, for when one of the robbers discovered that Rosenbaum would not obey the order to "throw up his hands" that the crook acted as though he would shoot Rosenbaum. Haggerty informed the robber that Rosenbaum was deaf and dumb and it was then that the men were forced into the closet.

The police were unable to secure any clue that would lead to the arrest of the crooks, and it is believed that they made their escape in a machine. Rosenbaum was not badly hurt. He says he can recognize the men at sight if he sees them.—*California News*.

DEAF-MUTES WEAR BANDS TO ESCAPE TRAFFIC PERIL

LONDON, Feb. 1.—A novel method to insure safety for the deaf in the streets has been found by the Berne (Switzerland) Association for the Deaf, which has distributed among its members a kind of cockade as large as a two-inch circle. It is yellow, with black spots, and can be worn on the arm or breast.

The association has notified the police and motorists of the meaning of the badge and asked for consideration to the wearers. The system will shortly be extended to all Swiss towns.—*Trenton Times*.

GOVERNMENT SENDS JOS. WENDALL CHECK \$7,025.95

The government, which has shown no especial speed in settling a court judgment against it in favor of James Wendall, an aged deaf citizen of Princeton, W. Va., has officially informed Senator Sutherland, who has been insisting on a payment being made, it has just sent forward a check for \$7,025.95 payable to Mr. Wendall. The latter was run down by a train on the Virginian railroad when the government had control of the railroads of the country and sustained permanent injuries. He sued John Barton Payne, then director of railroads, and secured damages in the sum mentioned.

Mr. Wendall was raised in Philadelphia, Pa., but ran away in 1878 and traveled extensively over the United States and Cuba. He is a painter by trade and although sixty-six years old, he is still active.

AX RESTORES HEARING

On his recent visit here the Rev. Mr. Bjorlee told of an incident which came under his notice last fall wherein a cut on the head from an ax restored a young man's hearing.

The father, an old man of nearly 80 was out in the yard splitting wood, and his son, 25, who was quite deaf, was working on the wood pile nearby. While moving about, the young man got too close and the ax, in the hands of the father, descended on his head, cutting a deep gash in the back and narrowly avoided killing him. After the wound was sewed up it was found the young man's hearing had been restored.

We have inquired for further details to learn just how the ax hit the boy in the hopes that we can get some one to try it on us.—*Hawkeye*.

MONTREAL, CANADA, NEWS

At the regular meeting held on December 14th, at Mackay Club, which was named after Mackay Institution in Montreal, the re-organization of Montreal Deaf Society was discussed and adjourned till the next meeting owing to the absence of Mr. Stanley Walker, former president of the Society.

That Society went to pieces due to its

members leaving the city, but its capital is still in the bank.

We hope it will be a success and completed before next spring.

Mr. W. Archeson is the president of Mackay Club.

We are glad to note that Mr. Philip Arcand, a frat, who was confined to his bed with an attack of La Grippe for a month, is getting better slowly. This will be welcome news to his friends and acquaintances of the eastern states where he enjoyed his visit.

Recently Mr. Leroux and Mr. Petrimkroux, both of Detroit, paid a visit to Montreal, the metropolis of Canada. They staid here for a few days and expressed their appreciation of the welcome rendered them by the deaf of Montreal. Back with them they brought the holiday greetings of the Deaf of Montreal to their old acquaintances in Detroit.

Mr. Harry Armstrong and his wife were welcome visitors at the Gospel Hall last Sunday. We are glad to learn that their baby has completely recovered from a bad cold. Harry was a former resident of Newport, Mass.

The members of Mackay Club and the subscribers of the SILENT WORKER in particular extend their greetings for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, although that time has surely passed when this goes to press.

A DESERVED ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Ohio Chronicle of Jan 7. announces the appointment of Mr. John C. Winemiller assistant superintendent.

Mr. Winemiller went to the Ohio School last fall after a year in business and several years as teacher in the Colorado School. He is one of the younger generation, a graduate of the Ohio School and Gallaudet College.

In announcing the appointment Supt. Jones pays a very nice tribute to the worth of his protegee. The title is a new one to that school, but as Supt. Jones says he will lean rather heavily upon him in all departments, it is well merited. Should his mantle ultimately fall upon the shoulders of the new assistant it will be hailed with delight by the deaf everywhere. It is by no means a disparagement to Mr. Winemiller to say as a reminder that he also owes his position to his good fortune of serving under a great and broad minded man like Mr. J. W. Jones.—*Kansas Star*.

DEAF LINOTYPE OPERATORS

In debating the question as to whether the linotype is an indispensable adjunct to the printing office the Deaf Oklahoman asks: "Is it true that the deaf linotype operators have difficulty in finding work at their trade?" Our answer to that question is that while it may be true that the deaf are discriminated against in certain localities, a competent deaf linotypist as a rule finds work as readily as any other. A number of our graduates are earning good pay at the linotype, although they received their training after leaving school. One of these has held down good jobs as a manipulator of the keys in many cities all the way from the southmost state to the Canadian border and could no doubt travel all over the United States on his ability as linotypist. Just the other day a deaf linotype operator in Atlanta confided to us that his employer had "fired" two hearing operators for inefficiency, at the same time handing a bouquet for his satisfactory work. The linotype in our office is much more than

PACH

PHOTOGRAPHER

THE ALUMNI of the TEXAS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, have commissioned us to make a portrait of THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET to be unveiled at the school on Dec. 10th, 1921.

In order to execute the commission it was necessary to make a reproduction of his finest portrait, a painting now owned by his grandson, Mr. Edson F. Gallaudet.

Many of the Schools for the Deaf, and many deaf people will doubtless be interested in this reproduction, copies of which we will furnish.

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an ornament, we assure you, and there must be something wrong with the foreman (rather than with the machine) in any office of which as much can't be said.—*The Messenger*.

There is no branch in the printing office of today that offers higher wages than the linotype department, and there is none more pleasant and dignified. In operating a linotype a deaf person has excellent opportunity to overcome one of his greatest drawbacks, in that it forces him to observe English as it is used by the best writers and speakers. Through his daily key-board work he becomes familiar with the proper use of idioms, phrases and figures of speech which he would otherwise have little chance to study. While it is true that the majority of fast operators set their copy without receiving more than a passing impression of what they are setting and do not thereafter remember what they have been reading of the copy-board, the observative operator who has any ambition cannot but notice usages of language which are new to him or different from his customary style of writing.

The writer of this has constantly been in touch with deaf linotype operators in both commercial printing houses and in daily newspaper composing rooms, and can truthfully say that there is no prejudice nor discrimination against deaf operators.

If the instructor in the school printing office has a thorough knowledge of the mechanism of the linotype, knows how to properly start pupils on the key-board, and is able to impart his knowledge to the boys under his charge, nothing but lack of effort stands between the pupil and top-notch wages soon after leaving school.—*The Silent Observer*.

ROBERT OMER MAJURE.

Today the hearts of the deaf throughout the state are heavy with sadness, for already the sad news reached a great many of them that Robert Omer Majure, fondly nicknamed "Pat," a natural leader among the deaf, and who was loved and respected by them all, is no more.

Mr. Majure had only recently moved his family to a new home in Arkansas, near Memphis, and on the morning of January 9th he was in Jackson a little while between trains returning to his old home at Union to wind up his business affairs there, after which he started back to Memphis in his car which had been left at Union at first. As he started across a bridge near Pickens late Thursday evening, January 12, some part of his steering gear broke and the car plunged from the bridge and turned over pinning him beneath it, supposedly causing instant death. The body was not found until the next morning when a passerby noticed it and on examining his purse found papers which identified him, together with a considerable sum of money, and his people at Union were immediately notified and his wife and two children were called back from Memphis to attend the last sad rites. On the day he was expected to reach Memphis he was laid to rest at his old home at Union, the funeral being attended by a great throng of sorrowing friends.

Mr. Majure graduated from the Mississippi School in 1914 and later attended the Kendall School at Washington, D. C., one year where he quickly made a name on the football team—a big square shouldered man on whom it did one good to look. His heart was as big as his body and he made friends wherever he went. His intercourse with hearing

people was almost as easy as one hearing man with another. He was one of the best lip-readers in the state and many a time he met a stranger, talked to him and let him go on his way again without knowing he was deaf. This ease of conversation, coupled with his magnetic personality and jovial disposition made him hundreds of friends among hearing people where a deaf person less gifted would not have been noticed. He was probably the only totally deaf man in Mississippi to have been appointed as rural mail carrier. He served in this capacity in his home county for several years. He served one year as boys' supervisor in the North Dakota school, but he had a passionate love for the freedom of farm life and at the close of the term he determined to return to the farm for good.

He was an active member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church and was one of the foremost leaders in everything concerning the deaf in Mississippi. In 1914 he was unanimously elected president of the Mississippi Association of the Deaf, though he was not a candidate for the place. After serving two terms he declined to accept a nomination for the third term. He was also a member of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and of the National Association of the Deaf and an energetic worker for both.

It is hard to believe that his kindly smiling face will be seen among us no more. The deaf have lost a loyal friend and an influential worker, but his memory will live forever in the hearts of the Mississippi deaf, many of whom valued his friendship above that of all others.

To his wife and children and numerous relatives who are left to mourn their loss goes out the heartfelt sympathy of every deaf person in Mississippi.—*The Deaf Mississippian*.

The British Deaf Times

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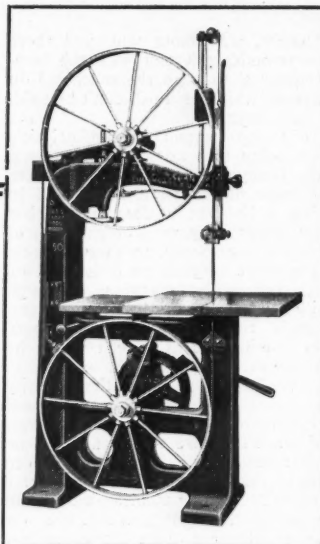
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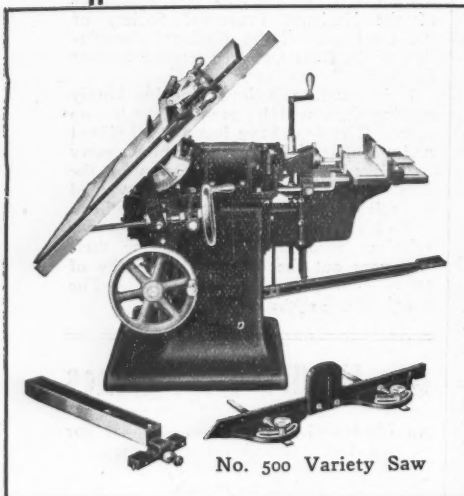
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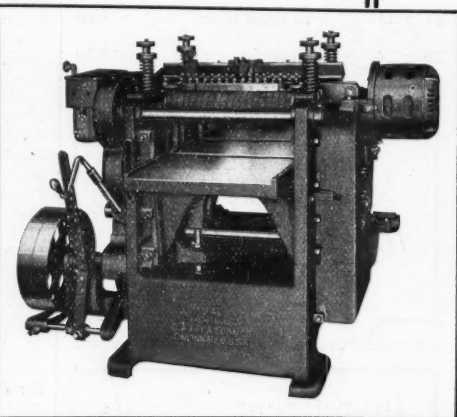
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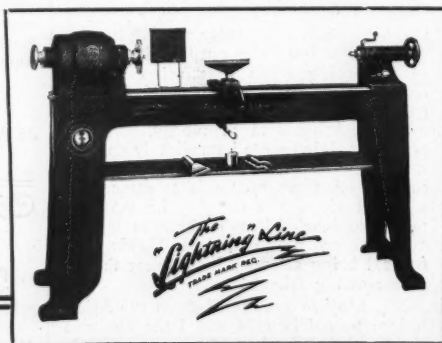
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